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## EGYPTIAN KEY

MARCH, 1944

Vol. 1

No. 5

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# The Open Door

## It Is a Beautiful Section

I have just today seen a copy of your magazine and I was so enthused over it that I wanted to subscribe for it at once. I have hunted in all the Illinois histories and such books as I can find for more about Egypt—but these histories so seldom include anything as far south as I live. I was raised in Egypt, but not this far south. In the twenty years that I have lived here and explored it, I have decided it is the most beautiful part of the State.

Every Sunday we walk miles and miles in the bluffs and hollows and find it more beautiful each time. There are many, many more signs of Indian life than have been made public, even remains of old rock forts.

Please enter my subscription and tell me if there is any way to secure past copies.

VIRGINIA (Mrs. D. S.) COVER.  
Tunnel Hill, Illinois.

## Interesting

Enclosed is my check for two subscriptions to your splendid magazine, one to go to my sister starting with the very first copy, the other to myself starting with copy five. I've been buying at news dealers so far, so have all four copies.

I certainly was interested in your article "Egypt's Coal Bucket" for William Boon of whom you write selling the first coal from Illinois is my great, great grandfather, so at least from my mother's side of the house we are really an old family in Egypt.

Best wishes for your fine magazine.  
ANNA NORTON.

Carbondale, Illinois.

## Thank You

I received your first copy and read it from cover to cover. Also, I got a copy of the second issue while I was in Marion last summer on my vacation. I enjoyed it very much and I must admit that I worried about getting the third issue. I think you have a swell magazine. I couldn't think of anything to make it better, but I'm sure it will be better at each issue.

GEORGE LEMAY.

Burlington Beach,  
Valparaiso, Indiana.

## Naturally, We Are Pleased

Your magazine, which my husband gets at his business address in Cairo, is proving such a joy that I want to have it sent to two friends of mine who used to live in Cairo. I am enclosing my check, please send them the back issues starting with the very first.

(Mrs. W. B.) ALINE M. STONE.  
Villa Ridge, Illinois.

## The Proper Spirit

We are receiving with great interest your, or I might say our, Southern Illinois magazine. We recall your editorial in regard to new industries for Southern Illinois and want you to know of the Egyptian Canning plant at Cobden.

I hope you will recall our meeting at

the Easter Sunday services at Bald Knob last year.

The Illinois Central Railroad has taken a great interest in the new development.

The association will be very happy to co-operate with you and others in promoting agricultural developments.

JAMES O. HART.  
for Union County Purchasing &  
Marketing Assn.  
Anna, Illinois.

## It Must Be Saved

Have been intending to write you for some time about the old bank building at Shawneetown.

Note in the last issue of the KEY that you show a picture of it. This building should be preserved because of its classical architecture and historical interest.

Good luck to your publication.

A. G. ANDERSON,  
Professor of Business Organization  
and Operation, University of Illinois.  
Urbana, Illinois.

## Thank You, Sir

Permit me to congratulate you on the fine job I think you are doing on the EGYPTIAN KEY. It is gratifying to know that our coal companies are supporting your effort by their display items. On the whole, I enjoy the EGYPTIAN KEY more than any similar magazine I read. Your editorial comment is down my line. I do appreciate the plans suggested in your last issue for the development of Egypt.

I like the EGYPTIAN KEY because it seems to take a constructive attitude toward the area rather than a critical. We have had too much criticism in the past. More power to you, and if I can co-operate with you I want you to know you can depend on me.

O. W. LYERLA,  
President, Southern Illinois Incorporated.  
Herrin, Illinois.

## We Agree

The "Egyptian Etchings—Autumn" is exquisite. I have read and re-read this beautiful Etching and 'tis perfect. Your Jule Le Nard has a beautiful soul and has lived with God and Nature. Who is Jule Le Nard? where born? where attend school? The Etching is the most beautiful flower, fruit, and fall garden picture I ever read—'tis a masterpiece: "Old Lavender and Queen's Lace, the smell of fruits and falling leaves." Great play of words and a painting one must see before he dies. We have often seen.

EGYPTIAN KEY, the fine paper, the photos, the history, the writers, the ads, and history of our beloved Egypt, is the one best magazine there is.

NELLIE S. SEARING.  
Chicago

... Jule Le Nard is a native Chicagoan, who, having discovered Egypt, cannot find enough time to spend searching for the beauty, the poetry of the region. In addition to her writing, Miss Le Nard is a composer of music, and a musician.—Ed.

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### It Must Have Been

I do enjoy the KEY, and read every word. Have been so interested and surprised in the beauty of Southern Illinois, and would like to see some of the places some time. In the early days must have been a fairly land and no wonder the Indians fought for their own land.

STELLA S. RHODES.

Springfield, Missouri.

### See Page Two

Please tell me about that magazine for Southern Illinois. Is it the EGYPTIAN

KEY? I saw a few copies and liked it enormously. How much is it and how often is it issued and what is the address and subscription price?

MRS. CHARLES W. MATHEWS.  
New York, N. Y.

### An Idea

This is to notify you that I have a change of address. Instead of Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, I am now at Camp Rucker, Alabama. I really enjoy reading the EGYPTIAN KEY, so I wish to have the right address.

I think that the EGYPTIAN KEY tells a

lot about Southern Illinois. I do like to read the "Open Door" section. My home is in Gallatin County at the village of Omaha. My county seat is Shawneetown. I do think that a bridge across the Ohio River at Shawneetown would help a lot—especially for the traffic from St. Louis to Nashville, Tennessee. There is no bridge between Evansville, Indiana, and Paducah, Kentucky, so Shawneetown would be a good place for a bridge.

PVT. EDGAR LEE HOLT.  
Camp Rucker, Alabama.

### We Thank You

Your representative called at our library a few days ago and showed us three copies of your magazine. We find it very interesting and it is what Southern Illinois needs.

We are sending two dollars for subscription for the remainder of this year and next year.

MRS. CORA GRIFFIN, Librarian,  
West Frankfort Public Library  
West Frankfort, Illinois.

### It is a Great Area

My brother Horace Wolfe spent Sunday with me and brought a copy of your EGYPTIAN KEY. Needless to say we had a very pleasant time reading and discussing Egypt. No matter where I roam I am always a champion of the beautiful part of Illinois, its fruits and good rich land as well as the poor land over its fine coal.

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a year's subscription, beginning with No. 4. That issue will go into cabinet with other worth keeping things, that bring back childhood memories.

NELLIE WOLFE BENJAMIN.  
Granite City, Illinois.

### Et Tu!

I find the EGYPTIAN KEY the very thing I have been looking for as a supplemental text of Natural History, Illinois History, and Citizenship. I would not be without it since it truly is an "Open Door" to a better Southern Illinois.

I am interested in Egypt and its people as a Minister and a High School teacher. As a minister to inspire people to a more noble living, and as a school teacher to lift Youth to know and admire Truth. I certainly believe that Knowledge is Power, and Truth is the essence of Knowledge. Egypt can be powerful.

As a High School teacher who loves youth, I am interested in seeing "Little Egypt" become the garden spot of the middle west, geographically and socially. With our great throngs of people, our great possibilities of industry, and our ever increasing opportunities for advancement; Southern Illinois should one of these days be the best part of the country in which to live. The day has dawned, long live the day.

Wayne Thomas  
Head of the Social Science Department  
Mounds Township High School  
Mounds, Illinois

... To all of your remarks about Egypt, we can agree except one. Brutus, how could you? Please read again "Egypt—the Story of a Name" on page 10 of the first issue of the KEY. Do you promise never again to use that diminutive "little"?—Ed.



**RED NECKTIE**  
MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS





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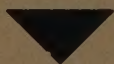
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# Egypt's Book Shelf

With this issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY a book department is inaugurated. It is to be the primary purpose of the department to review books that pertain to Egypt or that have been written by Egyptians. We have the feeling that the literary lights of Egyptians have been hidden long enough.

Now and then books will be told about that do not tie into Egypt but do have a decided bearing on Illinois history and thus may be considered to be a part of the family albeit a distant branch.

\* \* \*

Publishers' records show that detective stories and western stories are the leaders in sales in the book world. If a diagnosis is made it will be found that the answer is that these types of books are in the "escape fiction" class. How true that today most of us feel the need



Frances Crane

frequently to immerse ourselves in a good story that will take us out of the care-worn world for three or four hours and allow us to roam in fancy with the brain children of the authors who write that type of fiction. Such books have to be good to be acceptable. When a writer chooses, for instance, the detective field, his first book may be an accident, two books luck, but if he has three or more published by the same publishing house, carrying the

same central characters, and issued at regular intervals, we must accord that writer the accolade.

Frances Crane, of Lawrenceville, has had five mystery stories published in the past few years. The two leading characters in her stories are Pat Abbott, detective, and Jean Holly, a girl from "Elm City, Illinois," down in Egypt. Jean married Pat in the book preceding the current story.

The Crane books are well written, their plots are plausible, and no great straining for effect is noticeable. The reader must be aware when through with one of Frances Crane's books that she is a widely traveled woman. Lovers of antique furniture and old houses will enjoy the description of an old English mansion in her latest book.

One attribute of Frances Crane's books commends them to us. Many of the modern mystery story writers

seem to feel that a good story cannot be written without filling it with smut, profanity, and an excessive amount of liquor. Mrs. Crane succeeds in writing an interesting story without calling upon these artificial aids to her plot.

Oh yes, the name of her latest — *The Applegreen Cat*, published by J. B. Lippincott and Son, Philadelphia.

Her preceding books in the order of their appearance are: *The Turquoise Shop*, *The Golden Box*, *The Yellow Violet*, *The Pink Umbrella*. All have been published by Lippincott.

\* \* \*

From the town of McLeansboro a young man by the name of Smith emigrated by a devious route to the city of New York. After a somewhat variegated career as a newspaper reporter and feature writer he had his first book published. It "caught on" immediately. A second book by the same H. Allen Smith has been issued recently.

The pattern of the second book follows in a considerable measure that of the first one. Following the issuance of his second book young Mr. Smith was called to Hollywood to do some writing for the flicker films. Perhaps we can express our reactions to his two books by stating that he must have changed his style completely for Hollywood or else his work would not have had a chance of passing the Hays' office.

Both books are a heterogeneous collection of his impressions of celebrities and would-be celebrities met in his newspaper work, linked together with salty opinions on many subjects.

Smith's first book was *Low Man on a Totem Pole* and his recent release *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*. We can't help but wish he were as good a writer of books as he is a creator of titles. Still we realize he writes for remuneration and evidently has paced his style to the tempo of the modern metropolis. Both books were published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York, N. Y.

\* \* \*

When other friends have acquired blind spots, when the fortunes of the day have emptied the purse, we all know that our dog remains loyal, true, and just as loving as ever. For that reason a good dog story is always appreciated by the reading public.

Dog stories are hard to write. Not too many have been successes. Mae Trovillion Smith, of Carbondale, conceived the idea of a different type of dog story. Through the use of a different approach she has been able to write an interesting book and at the same time offer the reader many biographical items that might not have appealed by themselves.

As a result of considerable research and effort, Mrs. Smith wrote *Famous Dogs of Famous People*. In it she takes her readers into the lives of such persons as Sir Walter Scott, the Barrett-Brownings, Admiral Byrd, Hendrik Van Loon, Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Dickens,



Franklin Delano Roosevelt, William Lyon Phelps, Katharine Cornell, Irvin S. Cobb, and many others.



Mae Trovillion Smith

This well written book about the dogs of these persons who have achieved fame is now in its second printing. Illustrations by Victor Dowling add to the charm and enjoyment of the book. The publishers are Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

\* \* \*

While not a book, nevertheless, it is worthy of mention. Charles Phifer, of Zeigler, has published a new popular song *All Over the World the Yanks Are Marching*. The words have a good swing and naturally it is a good thought.

W. G.

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# Egyptian

# KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

## Looking Ahead with Egypt

By WILL GRIFFITH

THE ideas expressed in the article bearing the same title published in the preceding issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY, have been cordially received. It is the intention of the KEY to record, from time to time, the progress Egypt is making as she marches ahead. With that idea, the EGYPTIAN KEY herewith offers short comments on the ideas, acts, and progress of the Egyptian area.

### *McAndrew Memorial*

Plans are under way for a McAndrew Memorial. Brigadier General William McAndrew for three decades played a large part in the development of Southern Illinois Normal University and in the lives of the youth of Egypt. It is planned to erect a memorial gate and entrance to the athletic field at the University as a tribute to him.

In addition to the memorial gateway, the name of the field is to be McAndrew Field and shown as such along the top of the rear of the stadium so as to be visible from US 51. A name plate is planned for the east side of the field that will be visible to those seated in the stadium.

As a further honor to "Mac" it is planned to establish memorial scholarships to the University in his memory.

The campaign for funds for the furtherance of the memorial plans has been opened. Those desirous of contributing to this most worthy cause should send their checks to the McAndrew Memorial Committee, Carbondale, Illinois. It will take \$12,000 to carry out the plans.

As designed, the memorial gate will stand at the north entrance to the athletic field. Four memorial stone plaques will commemorate "Mac's" interest in the many activities of his life. Preliminary sketches show a large entrance memorial of a substantial design in a style the committee believes will be in accordance with "Mac's" wishes.

### *Fairfield, Illinois*

Fairfield not only is "post-war planning" but has made a good start toward carrying out the plans. An active Chamber of Commerce is backed up by a far sighted city council. Things really are being done.

Some months ago the need for a community center for the teen-agers was recognized. A place the youngsters could call their own and where they could have clean amusement under adult chaperonage. An abandoned factory building about to be sold was wanted for the purpose.

The funds as yet were not available but that fact did not daunt the Fairfield leaders. Emmett Hoffee stepped in and bought the building and then turned it over to the city to be repaid as funds are available. The building was remodeled with money raised by popular subscription. French windows were installed, glass brick put in the front wall to admit more light, and partitions built to divide the building into sections. The front door opens into a large "activities room" to the south of which is a reading room, a boys' lounge, a powder room, and the kitchen. The rear half of the building has been made into a large square room suitable for assemblies or dances. Much of the work was done by the high school boys, under supervision. Curtains and pillows were made by the girls and their mothers.

A Fairfield business man, Benj. Frankel, of the Chef-ford Master Company recently bought an additional building adjoining his factory. The heating systems were combined leaving him with an extra heating unit. This he gave to the community center thereby solving the heating problem. Other citizens have contributed chairs, tables, and mirrors. R. L. Higgins is chairman of the Recreational Committee.

After the death of Senator William E. Borah a memorial was suggested. After much discussion as to the kind of a memorial, Senator Borah's sister, Mrs. Mattie B. Rinard, suggested a hospital. The citizens of Fair-

### The Stadium, McAndrew Field

*Photo from collection of Brig. Gen. Wm. McAndrew*







Photo by Walter Scott Lawrence, Fairfield  
Community Center, Fairfield

field liked the idea and as a result a hospital is to be built not only as a memorial to Senator Borah but to many others: statesmen, soldiers, and citizens.

The Memorial Hospital, the first unit of which will have at least fifty beds, will be built as soon as the present conditions will permit. Well over half of the needed \$200,000 is in the hands of the Fairfield Memorial Association at the present time.

Fairfield owns her own light, water, and sewage disposal plants, but she is of the ambitious type and plans as a post-war activity to enlarge all three plants. In addition, post-war planning has determined upon repaving and relighting the city streets and the erection of a new grade school building.

#### *St. Louis Cardinals to Train at Cairo*

For the second successive year the St. Louis Cardinals will train in Cairo. The National League entry from St. Louis again will have the benefit of the early spring in Egypt. It will train farther south than any other major league club. Last year the Cairo Chamber of Commerce arranged for the necessary facilities at Cotter Field to accommodate the baseball men. As a result of last spring's pleasant memories, the club is coming back.

#### *Southern Illinois Incorporated's Planning Commission*

On the evening of January 20, 1944, eighty-four men and women, business and professional Egyptians, met in Herrin for the first meeting of Southern Illinois Incorporated's Planning Commission. A number of committees had been appointed prior to the meeting and these committees met before the evening dinner.

After the dinner the committee reports were received and further actions ordered. The phases of work represented by committees are industrial development, aviation expansion, extension of public health facilities, improvement of public education, labor, agriculture, processing plants, public works, and recreation.

O. W. Lyerla of Herrin is the general chairman.

#### *Bald Knob Easter Service*

The Sunrise Easter Service held for many years on the top of Bald Knob will be held as usual this year. Thousands of persons drive or walk to the top of Bald Knob on Easter Eve to be ready to greet the Easter morn from the lofty elevation. There is much inspirational and

religious uplift to the service which is non-denominational. The road to the mountain top is lighted and guarded for the occasion.

During Holy Week an electric cross shines from the top of Bald Knob.

#### *Dairy Sire*

The Illinois Central Railroad has delivered an outstanding registered Guernsey sire under contract to Loren J. Miller, Union County farmer, for the use of Guernsey breeders in the area.

The railroad has several registered sires in use over its area but this is the first in Southern Illinois and was obtained through the efforts of the Union County Committee of Farmers, and the Union County Purchasing and Marketing Association.

#### *Egyptian Planning Commission*

Several meetings have been held in different towns in the campaign to make the Big Muddy area a greater recreational spot. A delegation attended the meeting of the Federated Sportsmen's Clubs at Springfield, February 20, to ask for their approval and co-operation.

The members are working to obtain one of the new coal processing plants for Perry County.

James Williamson, of Nashville, is the president of the organization.

#### *West Frankfort Has New Factory*

The Monte Manufacturing Company, a branch of the Angelica Jacket Company of St. Louis, Missouri, has opened for business in the Roberts Building, West Frankfort. Fifty employees are now at work, with an expected two hundred more as conditions change. The products are non-military uniforms for doctors, nurses, chefs, and others.

#### *Southern Illinois Normal University*

More than twenty thousand dollars is being spent by the State of Illinois on repairs to Southern Illinois Normal University. A new floor is being installed in Old Main and minor repairs made on other buildings.

#### *Grand Tower*

A new sawmill has been put in operation near Grand Tower. It will process Egyptian timber from the Shawnee National Forest.

#### *Chester*

The D'Orsay Dress Company of St. Louis, makers of junior style dresses, is planning on locating a factory in Chester, which will employ between 100 and 150 women.

The International Shoe Company plans to increase its working force, both men and women, by one hundred.

#### *Murphysboro*

The St. Louis Cooperage Company's plant at Murphysboro is now working full time. Fifty men are employed in the woods and factory. White oak staves are made to be sent to the St. Louis plant to be made into Navy water casks.

#### *New Soy Bean Plant*

A new plant for the processing of soy beans has been opened at Nashville, Illinois, employing at present eighteen men. The plant is operating seven days a week, twenty four hours a day, with a three or four months supply of soy beans on hand. Wallace Huegely, operator of the plant is desirous of obtaining all the soy beans possible.



# Idols of Egypt

## V. Elias Kent Kane

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

Prominent in drafting the first constitution of Illinois, he later became United States Senator, supporting some of the same measures as advocated today.

**T**HE New Deal plan to build a canal across the Isthmus of Florida aroused considerable controversy when it was proposed a few years ago. To the citizens of the United States it seemed something new. Some sage has said that ever so often the world repeats itself. Scientists talk of cycles. As evidence we offer our own Elias Kent Kane, Senator from Illinois.

The Florida Canal Bill was one of the measures before the Senate in the spring of 1826. The bitter John Randolph of Roanoke raised the question of constitutionality. Senator Kane took a broader view, that the bill was no more unconstitutional than those laws which provided for the survey of our coast. In his opinion, the object was not to promote a specific improvement, but to protect commerce.

The bill failed to pass, but the Illinois Senator could have claimed (if gifted with enough foresight) to have been the original Illinois Senator to support a New Deal idea.

Elias Kent Kane is given first credit among the authors of the original constitution of the sovereign State of Illinois. As Illinois' first Secretary of State, he colored the administrative policies of our first Governor. He continued his service to the infant state as United States Senator and died in that service.

Senator Kane was born in the year 1794. His family had been prominent in the affairs of New York State for almost half a century. He was the only child of Elias Kane's first marriage. His father was the ninth child born to the marriage of Captain John Kane and Sybil Kent. This grandmother of the Illinois Senator was aunt to the famous Chancellor James Kent of New York State.

Captain John Kane came from Ireland to New York soon after the middle of the eighteenth century. He married a daughter of the Reverend Elisha Kent, a graduate of Yale College, and settled in Dutchess County. There the second and third generations of Kanes were born and brought up. Now another proponent of the Florida Canal, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, calls Dutchess County home.

As his sons grew to manhood, Captain Kane established a mercantile business which became extensive as time passed, with branches in Utica, Whitesboro, and Albany. The Kanes were all educated men with comfortable fortunes, until the War of 1812 ruined their business. Perhaps this failure gave Illinois one of its most prominent early citizens.

Elias Kent Kane bore his father's first name and the proud family name of his grandmother. He received

an excellent education and was graduated by Yale College, the alma mater of his New England great-grandfather. After young Kane was granted the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1813, he spent a few months reading law in the office of Ralph J. Ingersoll who became a figure in the American diplomatic service. About the turn of the year the law student set out to find the proper place to hang his shingle.

Men of ambition and ability were seeking the new communities of the West because of the great possibilities afforded for political leadership. In his search for a theater worthy of the ambitions he entertained for his future, young Kane went to Tennessee.

The spring of 1814 was the time of Andrew Jackson's war with the Creek Indians. Whether Kane met the hero of Tennessee that year we do not know, but he certainly imbibed the enthusiastic admiration he displayed ever after for the victor of New Orleans.

Before that famous battle was fought, Kane had left Tennessee for Illinois. Family letters show confusion at his frequent moves during these months, but 1814 saw him permanently established at Kaskaskia, center of the territorial government in Illinois. He was only twenty, but he began the practice of law immediately.

Elias Kent Kane is described as being tall, florid in complexion, and kindly in expression. His manner was affable, and he became popular with all classes of society. His disposition was scholarly, and quickly he became intimate with the judges of the territorial courts. Soon he was reckoned one of the most promising of the younger lawyers at the Kaskaskia bar.

He wrote his father of the bright prospects Illinois provided for his future, and mentioned that he considered establishing himself as a man of family as well as a lawyer. Elias Kane answered: "I have always been an advocate of early marriages, and I confess I was pleased with your communication on that subject. I think a discreet wife, with reputable connections, will prove advantageous to you in many respects. It will have a tendency to make you steady and bring your views principally to one great object, namely, the maintenance of your wife and family."

The son neglected to mention the name of the lady whom he wished to make his wife, perhaps until he could be sure that his proposal would be accepted. Much more than the sensible reasoning of his father entered into the match, if we consider the close of Senator Kane's letter dated January 20, 1831: "Kiss my dear children. And remember, Yr. affec. Kane." The marriage took place in 1816.



Felicite Peltier Kane was a woman of French extraction, a member of a society which regarded the Americans in Kaskaskia as new-comers. Her family had been established in Illinois for generations. Her grandfather lent nearly two thousand dollars to Lieutenant Colonel John Montgomery, on duty in 1780 recruiting the Kaskaskia regiment for George Rogers Clark. Her connections undoubtedly proved valuable to her husband, in a situation where he had to rely solely upon his own capacity.

Kane's talent for his profession was recognized from his first appearance. Judge Sidney Breese acknowledged his fellow York stater as his "early legal instructor and friend, one who had always held the first rank at the



Felicite Peltier Kane

bar of the state, . . . who had never proved deficient in answering any requisition that had been made upon his abilities, and against whose integrity as a man and a lawyer no imputation had ever been made."

Politics and the law had their customary close association in those early days at Kaskaskia. Kane's abilities included those of a shrewd, talented politician. The natural ease of his manner enabled him to meet the varying types of the frontier at an advantage. His superior education marked him as a leader.

In the territorial days of Illinois, politics was not concerned so much with governmental policies as with the advancement of factions. Men combined for the purpose of seeking appointive offices, either local or territorial. Personal preferences caused division in

opinion, as did the existence of parties for the advancement of particular individuals and their friends.

Ninian Edwards, as territorial governor since 1809, was the leader of one such faction. Aligned with him were Nathaniel Pope, first secretary of Illinois territory and its delegate to Congress; Daniel Pope Cook, the brilliant young lawyer who first proposed statehood for Illinois; Leonard White, United States agent at the Gallatin saline; and Thomas C. Browne, a Shawneetown lawyer who later served as one of the first supreme court judges of the state.

Judge Jesse B. Thomas of the territorial courts led the opposition. Kane soon became his chief reliance in the anti-administration contest. In the spring of 1815 Judge Thomas visited Albany, New York. He met Elias Kane, and pleased the father with warm reports of the son's ability and growing importance.

John McLean, before whom stretched a brilliant career in the legislative councils of both Illinois and the Nation, was an intimate friend of Kane. McLean was establishing himself as a lawyer at Shawneetown at the time Kane was looking for clients on the western border of the State.

Early recognition of Elias Kent Kane's abilities came from Washington. Territorial circuit courts for Illinois were established in 1818, and Kane was appointed one of the six judges. Their salaries were set at \$1200 per annum. Kane was assigned to the eastern circuit which centered at Shawneetown. Gallatin County had no courthouse in those days, and court was held in flat boats drawn up on the bank of the Ohio River. The judge, jury, and counsel occupied one boat, while the parties to the suit and the spectators followed the court's action as well as they could from a nearby deck.

His duties took Judge Kane away from his home in Kaskaskia. Mrs. Kane remained there, occupied with their infant children. Greater opportunity soon recalled him.

In April 1818, the Congress passed the enabling act under which Illinois would proceed to statehood. The preparation of a constitution was the first step, and a convention was called to meet at the territorial capital.

The same issue of *The Intelligencer* (the Kaskaskia newspaper) which announced the passage of the enabling act by the United States Senate, also announced the candidacy of Elias K. Kane "for the Convention from the county of Randolph." The election was fixed for the first Monday in July, 1818, and the two following days, while the convention was to meet on the first Monday in August.

Kane seems to have taken for granted his own election as delegate. He is said to have announced that "if Doctor Fisher should be elected his colleague, he would consider himself instructed to vote for the introduction of slavery, but if Mr. McFerron was elected his colleague, then he would consider himself instructed to vote against slavery." Dr. George Fisher was elected, with the confident Kane, to represent Randolph County in the constitutional convention.

On Monday, August 3, 1818, the convention opened at Kaskaskia. That quaint French town must have been the scene of much excitement on that momentous day. The tavern was filled with the leading citizens from the fifteen counties which composed the Territory of Illinois. Residents of the town were holding open house for their



friends among the visitors. The urbane Kane must have been a prominent figure at this unofficial reception.

Judge Jesse B. Thomas was elected president of the convention. Kane was appointed chairman of a committee to examine the delegates' credentials, and then of a second committee to examine the census returns. A special census had been taken to determine whether the territorial population met the figure set by Congress as necessary before Illinois could become a state. Preliminaries disposed of, the convention set about the business of writing a constitution.

"A committee of fifteen, one from each county . . . to frame and report to the convention a constitution for the people of the territory of Illinois" was appointed. Leonard White of Gallatin County was chairman of this committee, but Elias Kent Kane seems, from all accounts, to have been its guiding spirit. The pages of the convention journal constantly repeat the phrase, "On the motion of Mr. Kane. . . ." His prominence is not surprising since he was one of five lawyers among the thirty-three delegates, and his education was outstanding for the time and place.

The draft of the constitution was reported out by the committee of fifteen on Wednesday, August 12. To a large extent it had been copied from the constitutions of neighboring states. A provision for a council of revision, composed of the governor and the supreme court judges, this council to approve all laws passed by the legislature, was taken from the New York constitution of 1777.

Section by section the constitution was read and revised by the convention as a whole. For these services, of untold effect upon the future of this State, each member of the convention was paid \$4 a day. The document was signed and the convention adjourned on Wednesday, August 26, 1818.

This constitution is unique in that it was never voted upon by the people whom it bound. It was the first organic law of any state to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Delegates had scarcely returned to their homes, when the first election was held under the new constitution. Shadrach Bond was elected governor without opposition. John McLean was named as Illinois' first representative (as a state) in the United States Congress.

Governor Bond was inaugurated on October 6, 1818. On the same day he appointed Elias Kent Kane his Secretary of State. The new constitution provided, article 3, section 20: "The governor shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the senate, appoint a Secretary of State who shall keep a fair register of the official acts of the governor, and when required shall lay the same, and all papers, minutes, and vouchers relative thereto before either branch of the general assembly and shall perform such other duties as shall be assigned to him by law." For these services, the secretary drew an annual salary of \$600.

Letters of the time acknowledged Kane as the chief ruler of the state. Governor Bond had no school training so the ability of his secretary had free play. Kane was even accused of exercising undue influence upon his superior.

Daniel P. Cook wrote Ninian Edwards, in discussing the latter's re-election as United States Senator: "You believe Governor Bond to be your friend — I do not. The

nest which float around him are all against you. Kane is even supporting the senatorial division of the state . . ." Cook refers to an attempt to divide Illinois into two senatorial districts by the meridian line, contrary to the provisions for electing United States senators contained in the national constitution.

In spite of these schemes, Senator Edwards was re-elected. At the same session Cook took his seat as Illinois' sole representative in the lower house of the United States Congress.

In 1820, when Cook came up for re-election, Kane was brought out as the opposing candidate, for representative in the 17th Congress. The contest was largely personal, depending upon the popularity of the two men. Both favored the admission of Missouri as a state, the chief national question of interest to their constituents. The contest was heated, but resulted in an overwhelming victory for Cook. In less than seven thousand votes, his majority was nearly two thousand. Kane received a flattering vote in the home county of both candidates, Randolph, which Cook carried by only twenty votes.

Kane continued his duties as Secretary of State until the inauguration of Governor Coles, a pronounced anti-



Elias Kent Kane

slavery man. On December 16, 1822, Secretary Kane resigned, to be succeeded by Samuel D. Lockwood of Madison County, Governor Coles' own appointee.

The Illinois constitution of 1818 had not settled the question of slavery and a strong movement was on foot to call a convention to revise the constitution for this purpose. Bond, McLean, John Reynolds, and Kane joined forces in favor of slavery which they believed would be of material benefit to the State. This pro-slavery party established a newspaper at Kaskaskia under the direction





Ruins of Kane home in Randolph County near Chester.

of Kane and Chief Justice Reynolds. Publishing *The Republican Advocate* engaged Kane's spare time from 1822 to the election of 1824. This campaign was one of the most vigorous that ever occurred in the State. At the election, the slavery party was defeated.

Kane was elected to the legislature from Randolph County, his personal popularity stronger than the announced principles of the election. The legislature of which he was a member elected him United States Senator on November 30, 1824. John McLean, who had just been elected to fill the last months of Senator Edwards' term, Governor Coles, and Samuel D. Lockwood (Kane's successor as Secretary of State) were defeated when the tenth ballot was taken.

In a letter to his wife, Kane expressed his gratification that his election by the legislature "was placed on independent grounds. I am under no obligations to any but my own immediate friends."

On March 4, 1825, Kane took his seat as the junior United States Senator from Illinois. His old friend, Jesse B. Thomas, was the senior Senator. Elias Kent Kane was one of the youngest men ever to hold this office. His father wrote, with the congratulations due for the "highly honorable appointment," that he was but four months past the constitutional age limit when elected. "For so young a man as you are no higher evidence could have been given of your standing. I know of no instance where so young a man has been appointed."

One honor was heaped upon another. Yale College heard of his distinction and conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him that September. Senator Kane must have been proud to be recognized by his former instructors.

The "Gentleman from Illinois" came to Congress as a pro-slavery Democrat, and while he did not carry his factional loyalty to the excess that was common in his day, he remained firm to these principles. His attitude toward the administration may be glimpsed between the lines of a letter he wrote Mrs. Kane on the day he took his seat: "Whilst the whole world seems to have pressed into the capitol to hear John Quincy Adams make his inaugural speech, I have retired into the Senate chamber."

President Andrew Jackson was inaugurated March 4, 1829. He was cordially and effectively supported by Senator Kane, who still remained aloof from the partisan strife which marked the two Jackson administrations.

The greatest eloquence which Senator Kane ever displayed was in a speech delivered in defense of President Jackson during the spring of 1834. Henry Clay had

offered a resolution condemning the President's action concerning the bank. During the debate sneering remarks were made concerning the President's allusions to his patriotic motives and his long service for his country.

"Let the soldier count his wounds without reproach," declaimed Senator Kane. He appropriated the language of Othello's tales to Desdemona in a figure extolling the patriotic value of the recitals made by our Revolutionary heroes of their battles, sieges, and fortunes. His peroration ran:

"May our venerable President live to count his wounds, 'longer than I have time to tell his years'; and when old time shall lead him to his end, [may] patriotism, goodness, and he, fill up one monument."

The nobility of this language is almost matched by a compliment made Senator Kane himself by one of his friends in Illinois: "Friend Elias, you are placed as a sentinel to guard the liberties of our great republic." The writer was informing his senator of his resignation from the postmastership, contrary to the political axiom that office holders never resign and seldom die.

Senator Kane's popularity extended even to the point of commanding the admiration of his political opponents. George Forquer of Monroe County wrote Governor Ninian Edwards on March 18, 1830:

"Kane has talents and does his best against us, for his friends. These qualities, although they are exerted against all my wishes and *personal* interest, recommend their possessor to me in preference to a man who has no talents and is so cold-hearted, or selfish, or cowardly, that he will neither do right nor wrong, a man of mere negative virtues . . ."

The congressional recess in the summer of 1830 allowed Kane to return to his home in Kaskaskia. There is no record of his making an active canvass, but the legislature required only one ballot to re-elect him on December 11, 1830. At the same time John M. Robinson of Carmi was elected to succeed Senator John McLean, who had died two months before.

Senator Kane served on the senate's committee of public lands. In this capacity, he was able to promote various measures which involved the interests of Illinois and the other western states. It was during this second term that he became involved in the controversy over the bank which became the sole topic of political conversation shortly after Andrew Jackson's re-election.

Almost insuperable were the obstacles which prevented a congressman of those days from close contact with the opinions of his constituents. Senator Kane visited Illinois as often as the difficulties of travel allowed. Over the mountains to Wheeling by stage coach, down the Ohio to Cairo by steamboat, and then the slow trip against the current of the Mississippi to Kaskaskia or St. Louis. That was the weary way.

Worn by his duties at Washington and the exertion of the trip to Kaskaskia, fever attacked Kane in the autumn of 1835. Congress was assembling in December, and before he had recovered from his illness, Senator Kane returned to his duties. The weather was severe and exposure unavoidable. His second term was not completed. Senator Kane died on December 12, 1835, at the age of forty-one.

The bereaved father wrote to the widow: "The President sent almost every hour in the day & late at night



to inquire how he was, & Mr. Van Buren was almost constantly at our house & on the last night until 12 O'C. . . ."

A Washington newspaper, the *National Intelligencer*, reported: "It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the decease of another member of the national legislature, being the third whose departure from life we have been called upon to deplore within the brief space of five days after the assembling of congress. Honorable Elias Kent Kane, a senator from the State of Illinois, expired at the residence of his father in this city Friday last, after a severe illness of a few days. . . .

"He was an urbane and amiable gentleman, estimable in his domestic and social relations and a useful and respected member of the senate, in which elevated body he had held a seat for ten years, the strongest proof of the high respect in which he was held by his fellow citizens at home."

The funeral was held in the old senate chamber of the Capitol, occupied until 1936 by the supreme court. The president and heads of departments attended. President Jackson must have sincerely mourned so loyal a friend. On the committee of arrangements were Senators Benton of Missouri, Clayton of Delaware, William Hendricks of Indiana, and Crittenden of Kentucky. These were the leaders among whom Kane's last days were spent.

The body was interred in the congressional cemetery in Washington, where a monument stands in his memory to this day. This marker is uniform in style with others erected over members of the Congress who died on duty in Washington. Senator Kane's ashes were later removed to a vault on the family homestead in Illinois.

Felicite Peltier Kane could not rest content until she had carried out her husband's wish "to be buried upon the place on which I reside." Their home was on the high bluff opposite Kaskaskia and only a stone's throw from the boat landing on the bluff side of the Kaskaskia River. Today Kane's grave overlooks the reaches of the Mississippi which cover the vanished streets and houses of the old French city he made so completely his.

The elder children of that homestead on the bluff continued their father's political connections. The beloved eldest child, Maria Louisa, married William C. Kinney, son of an Illinois lieutenant governor. Their daughter, Felicite Kinney, became the wife of Gustavus Koerner Jr., another son of a lieutenant governor. The second child, Elizabeth K. Kane, was first lady of our State as the wife of William H. Bissell, the first Republican governor. Senator Kane's eldest son was Charles Delisle Kane, clerk of the Randolph County Circuit Court at the time of his death in 1849.

Elias Kent Kane Jr. was graduated from the military academy at West Point and served in the army on frontier duty and was a prisoner during the Mexican War. The youngest child, Louis McLane Kane, was only four when his father died, and twenty when his mother was borne to the vault on the bluff. Then he joined a company who left Belleville for the gold fields of California. After several years of adventure, this youngest Kane returned to Belleville, married, and reared a family some of whom live in Pinckneyville. There the name of Elias Kent Kane is revered as that of one of the older citizens, a grandson of the Senator from Illinois.

The name of Kane is also perpetuated in a prosperous county upon the Fox River in northern Illinois. The cities of Geneva, Aurora, Elgin, and St. Charles have come into being since the Illinois legislature created Kane County on January 16, 1836, as a public monument raised by a grateful state to the memory of one of those who laid the foundations for the growth of Illinois.

Elias Kent Kane will not be forgotten.

Twenty years was enough for the young man from New York to make his mark in Illinois. The document on which the new state's government was based for thirty years is acknowledged to be largely his work. The great office of the Secretary of State with its myriad departments has grown out of the "fair register" he kept. As United States Senator he received one of the greatest honors of his state, and if he had lived a few weeks longer, he would have received one of the greatest honors of the Nation, Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

## A Convoy Ship at Cairo, Illinois

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

A convoy ship on drydock floats  
Tied close against the rock lined wall,  
Her slate blue skirt and sky gray blouse  
Trimmed by her guns, black draped o'er all.

The sun shines gray in silv'ry streaks  
Asplash on seagulls' outspread wings.  
The wind whips cold from out the north,  
A siren's screech of terror brings

Her decks are strong, her paint is dull,  
All camouflaged like sky and sea.  
May God protect her where she goes  
To fight this war for Liberty.

Echoes from the Kentucky shore.  
The gulls criss-cross her squat smokestack—  
But one flies high, a streaking dart—  
An engine whistles from the track.

Her sharp sealines hug close the stream  
Crouched gray beneath a winter sky,  
Her shrouded guns await the foe  
Oh, may she not be built to die.





# Hobby House

By KARL W. BAUMANN

*Photos by Claron Robertson*

**A home full of rare antiques tells much of the early history of Egypt and the stories of the pioneers.**

**T**HE casual visitor, on being shown a small, unpretentious, white house on a quiet shaded street in Carbondale and being told that Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith live there, might not manifest as great an interest as they would had they been informed that here was the home of General Williams. It is true that this house — the oldest house within the present limits of Carbondale — was the home of General Williams during the Civil War. It is also true that a company of soldiers was encamped in the grove of great oaks which surrounded the house serving as headquarters. Yes, History was made here — to a degree — and that, to some would be of importance.

Of greater importance, however, is the simple statement that Clyde and Mary Smith live here; for, to visit and to know the Smith home is to feel the romance, the dreams and aspirations, the tragedies and disappointments, the varied backgrounds of the pioneer people who united in the development of the American frontier and of Southern Illinois in particular. To know the people is to know the nation for no nation can ever be greater

than its people. Here in this house we find objects from the every-day life of our early people, objects from the homes of the highest as well as the less fortunate, each with its story, a part of the struggle to extend the greatness of a nation.

The French, who first settled the valley of the Mississippi, have, as a people, throughout their history, had a loving appreciation of fine furniture and objects for the adornment of their homes; and, notwithstanding the hardships of wilderness life, they managed to secure for themselves the things that to a Frenchman meant home. From the descendants of these early French and from the descendants of their slaves the Smiths have obtained many beautiful pieces — rare old triangular based candlesticks; delicate, footed sewing boxes; portraits of the people themselves.

Not many years back the estate of old Dr. Rankin of Henderson, Kentucky, was being settled. Mary Smith attended that sale and bid in a simple mahogany gate-leg table. After she had bought the table a member of the Rankin family told her its history. It began

on a day when Dr. Rankin was sent for to attend a sick man on board a river steamer. On the way Dr. Rankin was told that the man spoke a foreign language which none of the men on board understood. The doctor found the man delirious from some strange fever. He was crying out in French. The physician had him taken to his own home where he cared for him until he was well. Meanwhile the man had made known his identity and his family had been sent for.

For several years this Frenchman and his family lived in the home of the doctor there in Henderson. During those years the man roamed the country along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers — the forests and prairies of Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri—painting the wild-life as he saw it. That man was John James Audubon. This was the table at which he ate and on which he worked during those years. It is of a type known as Pennsylvania Hepplewhite, the tapering legs of which are delicately grooved—a simple table such as would appeal to a man whose greatest pleasure was in the study of and the recording of the simple habits of the birds of the wilderness.

During this same period Audubon entered into a business partnership in Henderson and later in Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, with one of the Roziers — an early French family prominent in the valley. The Smiths have in their home the fire screen which came from the Rozier home. One can, in fancy, see Audubon and Rozier discussing their business in front of a roaring fire and watching the flames play behind its lacy delicacy. It is a pleasant thought considering the simple pleasures of the man Audubon and the great record he has left us.

There were many French families of prominence in the valley but none more so, perhaps, than the Chouteaus, one of the founding families of St. Louis. Their business interests were many and varied and lay on both sides of the river. They intermarried with other French families in Missouri and in Illinois — the most notable connection, in the latter instance, being with the family of the first Lieutenant Governor of Illinois — Colonel Pierre Menard whose Milleflores paperweight is now in the Smith home.

One of the Chouteaus, however, sought his bride from one of the great families of the lower valley. Her portrait, in miniature, found by the Smiths in a St. Louis shop, shows a young woman dressed in the Empire style. The honeysuckle decoration of the gold frame is said to have been taken from the design of the iron-work on her ancestral home in Mississippi. Her story, other than that her name is given as Josephine, is not known. Her life, her children, and the reason the portrait ever was sold must be left to conjecture. She remains the Chouteau Bride.

At first the valley was distinctly French and for many years it remained so in appearance and in customs. With the westward expansion of the seaboard colonies, however, a new influence began to make itself known. Many settlers of English, Scotch, and Irish extraction were attracted by the promise of fortunes to be made in the vast expanse of the Northwest Territory. Leaving their homes and carrying with them only those things too precious



The John  
Craig clock





View of bedroom showing: fire screen from Rozier home; the beehive candlesticks; Audubon's table set with Scotch tea kettle, lustre tea cup and plate, Victoria and Albert cup and saucer, and Pierre Menard's coin silver spoons.

to leave behind, because of family associations, they traveled, sometimes overland and sometimes down-river to arrive at last at their new homes in the hills and valleys of Southern Illinois. As soon as the new home was built, these keepsakes from another way of life were unpacked and placed about to decorate the house. Who can say? Perhaps when the going was hard just the sight of those gleaming candlesticks from the mantel back home; the soft sheen of a copper-lustre pitcher or grandmother's mahogany chest, already old, made the hardships of pioneer life a little more bearable. The happy associations brought to mind by sight of some small object sometimes mean the difference between failure and success.

One of the most beautiful objects in the Smith home had just such a history. It is a venerable grandfather clock — a truly beautiful specimen of old world craftsmanship. Its history begins with its maker — John Craig. According to Wallace Nutting, the authority on clocks, John Craig worked at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Scotland, in the first half of the eighteenth century. Nutting further states that the "lets" (openings on the sides to permit a distinct sound of the bell) being of Gothic design definitely dates the clock before 1740. This clock, made for a well-to-do Scotch family, was brought to America over two hundred years ago. According to the descendant who owned it, it was shipwrecked on the voyage over; and, in his words, "It had been in a mess ever since." That was literally true for the Smiths brought

Mahogany Hepplewhite chest with old French pastel portrait above; the Sheffield candlesticks by Matthew Boulton; Governor Bond's tea caddy; Pierre Menard's paperweight.



Small console with triangular candlesticks, French sewing box and portraits, in miniature, including the Chateau Bride at the top.

it home in a bushel basket — such was its condition. Careful and patient work by an old cabinet maker has completely restored its beauty as well as its usefulness. John Craig was proud the day he engraved his name in script across its face. Today he would be more so in the knowledge that, over two hundred years later, it was still giving service. The delicate inlay on the case; the soft patina of age; the graceful scroll-work of the brass face (wooden faces were not used until after the American Revolution), could not but be a source of pride to its creator. Proud of it too were its owners to have treasured it in its mutilated condition. That clock meant something to each generation of that family. What was it? Why did they treasure a broken-up clock from far away Scotland? Perhaps the old Scotch newspaper, pasted on the back, could tell. Who knows?





Cherry Hepplewhite chest from Sparta, Illinois,  
with rare examples of English copper lustre.

Others of our early Scotch settlers brought with them objects, which, while less pretentious, are quite as beautiful in their simplicity. A pair of turned brass candlesticks, a little brass tea kettle, objects of everyday use brought, perhaps, because of scarcity in the new world at that time. Such is the little brass tea kettle brought to Illinois by a Scotch miner. Very simple in design, it rests on four ball feet so as to protect the surface of the table from the heat of the water. The handle, permanently fixed in position, terminates in a hand grip of amber. Three or four similar ones have been found in Southern Illinois — all of them brought here by the Scotch miners' families.

By far the finest and the most numerous of the belongings of our early settlers are those brought here by the English. Furniture of Hepplewhite and Sheraton design: beautiful silver by England's great silversmiths; china from the Staffordshire potteries; these and much else have survived. One of Mary Smith's most exciting "finds" is a tall pair of Sheffield plate (silver on copper) candlesticks with applied floral decoration in silver. They were made at Birmingham, England, around 1790 by Matthew Boulton, one of the greatest of England's silversmiths. Of their history virtually nothing is known but, to one who knows English silver, the name of the maker speaks volumes concerning the people who brought them here.

In the early days of our country, tea was a scarce item. It was precious, so much so, as to be kept under lock and key. Each family had some type of little chest in which it was stored. Shadrach Bond, first governor of Illinois, had such a tea chest or "caddy" as it was called. It was a small chest, footed and decorated in the oriental manner. Inside were two removable containers of pewter. At sometime, perhaps after tea became more plentiful or was no longer much used, the tea caddy

was given to one of the slaves of the Bond family. It was from an old Negro woman, a descendant of this slave, that the Smiths bought Governor Bond's tea chest.

One other item of general use, which was more or less indispensable, was the pitcher. Among the finer examples of these were the ones of copper-lustre. The Smiths have quite a representative collection, showing almost every conceivable size and type and telling us much concerning the changing conditions of the times through their varied decorations and inscriptions.

After the American Revolution, new settlers arrived in ever greater numbers. Those to whom the East was becoming too crowded; those who were, in their very nature, restless for new frontiers and some who were opposed to war between England and the colonies — all these came and more. All of these families brought with them their belongings among which almost always there was a chest of drawers. Usually they were very plain chests of pine, cherry, or walnut. Quite often they were of home construction and contained a variety of woods. Clyde Smith found just such a chest on the east side of Carbondale. It is made of mahogany in the Hepplewhite style, with the drawer fronts decorated with panels of inlay. This piece shows excellent craftsmanship and was probably the work of some Eastern cabinet maker. Another example of these early chests, in the Smith collection, was bought at an auction near Sparta; and, considering that four similar pieces have been found in that area, it is believed to be the work of a local cabinet maker of the time. This chest, of cherry, is also of Hepplewhite design and is unique in that the top drawer is divided. The only attempt at decoration is the reeding about the top and down the front at the sides together with an interesting panel of inter-curving inlay ending in two inlaid panels of lighter wood at the top.

Early musical instruments were rather scarce because

of difficulty of transportation and the fact that they were, more or less, luxury items. Violins and music boxes were small and easily transported but pianos and organs were more difficult and therefore rather scarce. The Brewster family, however, carried with them a little melodeon, all the way from Vermont. It is of rosewood and quite small. The lyres which form the supports are hinged and fold under to facilitate carrying. Little old Miss Brewster of Cobden, who sold it to the Smiths, gave many youngsters their first music lessons on it. In fact, when the Smiths bought it, little pieces of paper were pasted on the keys — each telling which note it was.

The statement that "Art records" has often been made. That this is literally true is shown by two pairs of candlesticks on a mantel in the Smith home. Both are of a type known as beehive candlesticks — from the resemblance of the turnings to a beehive. One pair is of English make, the other American. The design originated with the English. It became very popular and many candlesticks of this type were brought to America. After the Revolution the people still admired the design. However, pride in their young nation and a dislike of anything English caused unpleasant associations to be aroused when they looked at their candlesticks. Yankee ingenuity soon came to the rescue. The Americans made their candlesticks in the same design but with the beehive inverted; and went merrily on their way. Thus can the attitude of one nation toward another be expressed in four brass candlesticks.

The rosewood melodeon brought from Vermont; brass candlesticks of Scotch origin. Above hangs an early sampler showing the old Albion Seminary at Albion, Illinois.



## December 7, 1941

By MARIE BELLE BLEDSOE

Ah, but a year ago  
I could have lain content  
In alien soil of Timbuku,  
Or on the Isle of May,  
'Neath bounding main, on rocky crag,  
'Neath poppies red, or in a field of clay.

For I was kindred to the wind,  
But now have taken root in soil.  
I, too, feel ties  
Of teachings and of home  
That deeper run than any wild desires.  
I have reached a better understanding  
And gained a new appreciation  
Of all that I once took for granted.

Young Egypt's spell is on me now,  
And I would not escape it.

If there is room,  
Put me beside the ones I've loved;  
If not,  
Inter me on the highest of the hills  
That I might be thus close to God  
And hear with spirit-ear  
The thunders of the Mighty-River. Father.

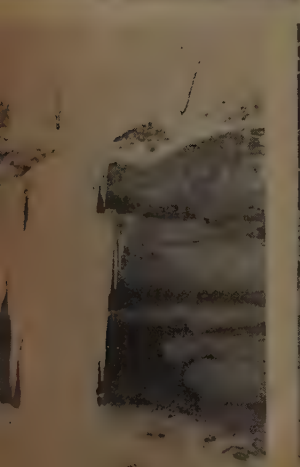
But more:  
*Dear God, I could not lie  
Where Stars and Stripes of Freedom  
Do not fly.*





## Winter Beauty in Egypt

Photos by: Top left, Stuart Chandler, Carbondale; Top right, Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna; Center row left to right, Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna; Harry Wilson, Murphysboro; Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna; Bottom left, John Foster, Harrisburg; Bottom right, Bob Riseling, Murphysboro.



# The War Gas That Saves Lives

By C. O. TUOHY

**An interesting non-technical account of the new uses of a gas known to everyone.**

**Y**OU'RE at an airfield. You are watching a heavy plane as it comes in for a landing.

This is no routine landing of the kind that takes place thousands of times daily at fields all over the country. This ship is in serious trouble. It hits the runway—hard—and bounces. You hear the scrape and crash of metal grinding on concrete. Then there is flame—sweeping with appalling suddenness over the plane, down onto the ground and billowing high into the air as aviation gasoline from a ruptured fuel tank ignites.

Now, across the field a siren is wailing—the sound growing louder and louder—and you see a huge truck growling its way at high speed over the ground, taking rough spots and smooth in its stride, straight for the blazing plane. As you watch, a long boom swings up and forward over the truck, seems almost to sniff the smoke that towers over the wreck.

The truck has charged up to within perhaps fifty feet of the fire. From a large, round nozzle on the end of the boom a white cloud-like stream roars forth and is projected over plane and fire. Behind this screen, the truck swiftly pulls up, until, from where you are, it ap-

pears to have driven right into the flames. At this close range other nozzles and hose lines are brought into play, until the entire plane and fire zone are blanketed by a cold cloud.

In twenty seconds all flaming has ceased, in forty the plane and gasoline have been cooled to a point at which re-ignition can't occur. Rescue squads help personnel who are unhurt from the plane. Those badly injured by the crash are carried out. But—and note this well—so quickly has extinguishment been effected that no *single* member of plane personnel has been seriously *burned*.

What you have just "witnessed" in this hypothetical plane crash is simply one of the latest, and perhaps the most spectacular of all, applications of that amazing and versatile gas—carbon dioxide. The means of application, in this case, was a Cardox Airport Fire Truck, an enormous vehicle carrying three *tons* of it and engineered for the specific objective of extinguishing plane crash fires in the shortest possible time, so that the lives of plane personnel can be saved.

Carbon dioxide—the CO<sub>2</sub> of the chemist and engineer—has frequently been given top honors as the outstand-

Huge Cardox Airport Fire Trucks use carbon dioxide to extinguish in seconds, fires resulting from airplane crashes.







Fire blazes furiously.

ing war gas of World War II. Its uses in time of war are so many and varied as to make it indispensable. Yet, it is not a poison gas. Its function in war and in Nature is not to destroy life but to save it—not to demolish, but to preserve.

It is one of the hardest working gases at man's disposal. Common as the air we breathe (being, in fact, a relatively small component of that air), it is a gas about which the average layman, strangely enough, knows little.

Man, in his industrial activities, produces carbon dioxide in tremendous quantities, largely as a by-product. It is produced by fermentation vats, lime kilns, carbide plants, combustion of coke. Every smoke stack you see is a potential source of  $\text{CO}_2$ . Nature is extravagant with it, pouring it forth from natural wells and springs. But, far more significant than its prevalence, are the uses to which it is put.

First, however, let's have a very quick (and definitely not inclusive) look at carbon dioxide in Nature, especially since, if some conjectures are correct,  $\text{CO}_2$  has even in prehistoric times had a very important influence on the economy of present day Egypt.

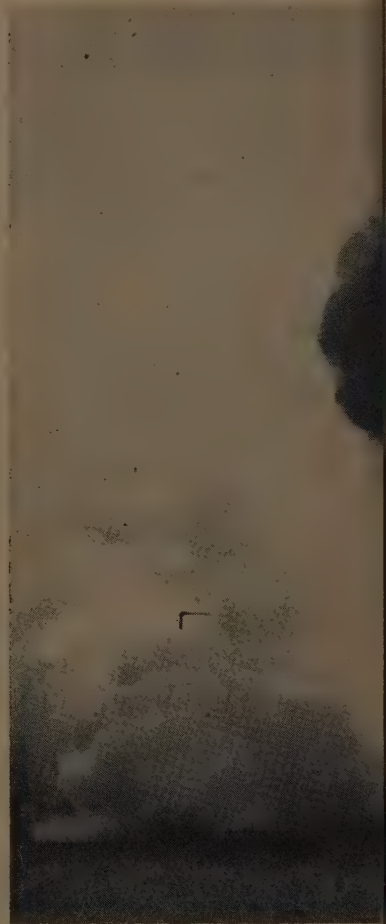
The prehistoric angle—and remember it is pretty much of a matter of pure theory, based upon geologic detective work—is something like this:

Away back when—so long ago that a million years one way or the other are hardly worth mentioning—the land areas of certain parts of the earth were covered

with a vegetation that in size, form, and shape make even the jungles of today seem positively anemic. Geologists, who frequently lean strongly toward long, nourishing words, have appropriately dubbed this the Carboniferous period and, if you like, will even pin it down to the late Paleozoic.

Searching for the reason for this exuberant vegetation, some shrewd minds have come up with the suggestion that it was caused by an excess of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere in those early days. The reasoning behind this belief is that as the earth cooled and the atmosphere formed, the latter contained a relatively large proportion of carbon dioxide. Persisting into the period when vegetation made its appearance, it stimulated growth to luxuriant proportions.

Now, then, it is the fossilized or decayed remnants of this vegetation, buried at various depths beneath the earth's surface, that compose the coal and oil we use today. If the excess of  $\text{CO}_2$  helped to make the vegetation, and the vegetation became the coal of Egypt's fields, the part that carbon dioxide played millions of years ago on the present day economy of the area is obvious. It might also seem like one of Nature's little whimsies that the cycle is completed today with coal be-



Mass discharge of carbon dioxide is ap

ing dislodged from the earth by the same agency that helped to create it—the ubiquitous  $\text{CO}_2$ . But more of this later.

Whatever may have been its effect ages past upon the vegetation of the day, carbon dioxide is essential to all plant life. By the process of photosynthesis (those words again!) plants abstract  $\text{CO}_2$  from the atmosphere, combine it with water and a few minerals, and in the presence of sunlight grow and thrive. It is as simple as that. The only catch to it is that, if we may paraphrase a line of the popular song, “No one

knows how they do it, but they do it!” If we did know, and could use our knowledge to manufacture food in wholesale lots the whole course of human life would be changed overnight.

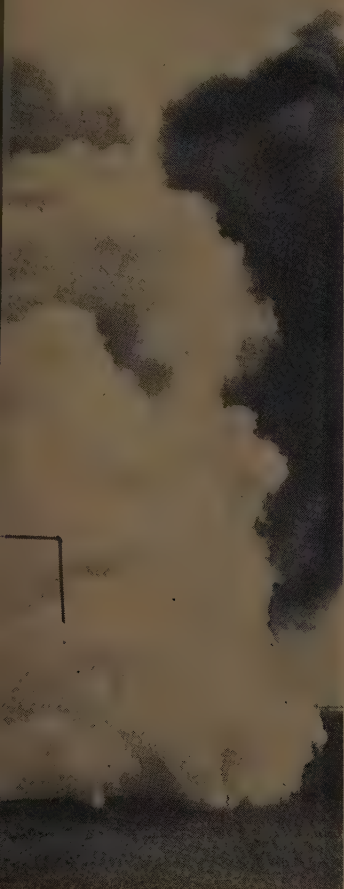
Carbon dioxide in itself will not support animal life. About four per cent of the air you exhale is  $\text{CO}_2$ . Put the two facts together, and what

a surprising answer. It was found that the breathing rate is largely governed by the  $\text{CO}_2$  content of the blood stream. This content, in turn, is dependent largely upon bodily activity. Without  $\text{CO}_2$  in the blood stream all breathing would likely stop. Carbon dioxide thus becomes one of those things that in unadulterated state you cannot live with and, as used in the body, you certainly cannot live without.

The tiny, tingling bubbles that give a soft drink its zest, that put sparkle in champagne or the foam on a glass of beer—these are nothing but  $\text{CO}_2$  trying to escape into the air. When bread rises it is because carbon dioxide has done its work. The wild foaming of a seltzer remedy is simply  $\text{CO}_2$  providing the drama and sound effects back of which whatever medicinal values are present can do their work.

It is from this tendency to “escape” that many of the most interesting uses of carbon dioxide have developed. To see how this works, let’s take a very brief and utterly non-technical look at  $\text{CO}_2$  itself.

At normal atmospheric pressure and temperature, carbon dioxide is an inert, colorless, tasteless, odorless gas. Under pressure—and within a certain temperature range—it will exist as a liquid. At a still lower temperature and pressure (for the two are interdependent in  $\text{CO}_2$ ) you can have only vapor and solid carbon dioxide—the familiar “dry ice.” But whenever you have carbon dioxide in either liquid or solid form, you may be sure that it will be trying to turn into vapor or gas. In other

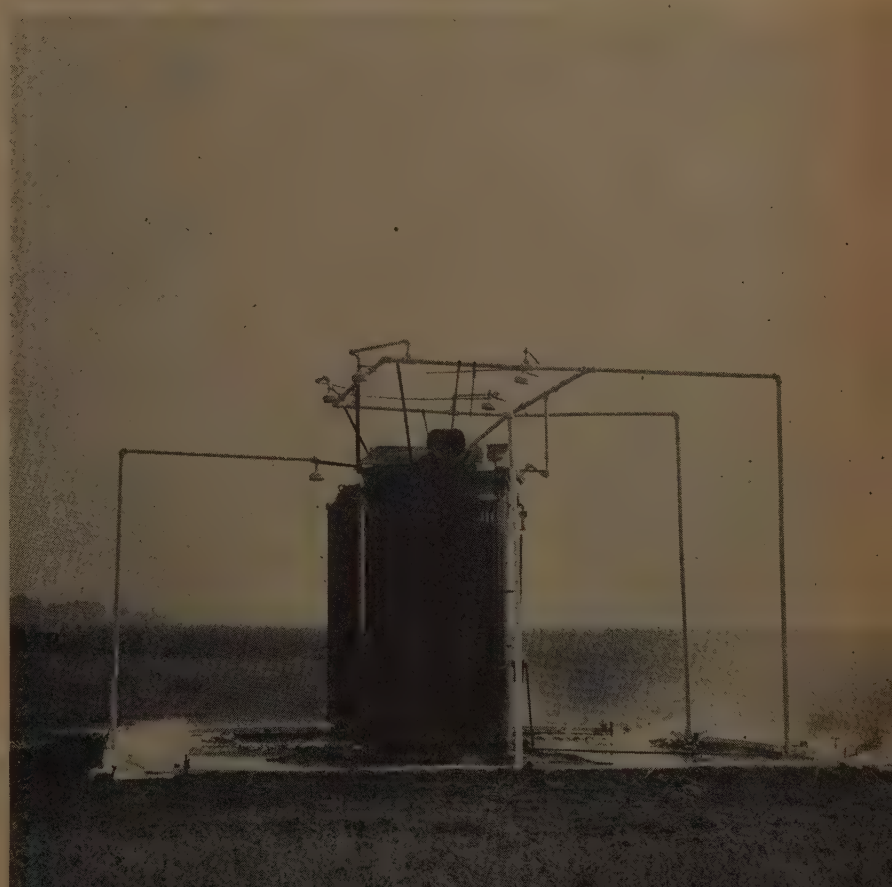


thousands of pounds per minute.

more natural conclusion than that, insofar as the human anatomy is concerned, it is strictly a waste product that we are at some pains to eliminate as quickly as possible?

There are always curious minds to whom a fact just isn't until proved. So some interesting experiments were made which turned up

Approximately one minute later all fire is out and metal and oil cooled.





words, it will be exerting pressure to escape. If the temperature of the CO<sub>2</sub> is too high for it to remain in liquid or solid form (it is still under pressure, remember) the gas itself will exert still greater pressure in its efforts to break forth and resume its normal easy-going existence as part of the atmosphere.

Here, then, in these liberty-loving characteristics of carbon dioxide you have a force that can be harnessed to perform no end of useful jobs. As an example of principles consider the seltzer bottle.

You start with a bottle of plain water and a little metallic container of CO<sub>2</sub>. Screw the container into the fixture on the bottle—and in so doing perforate it—and you have soda water.

This same principle, applied to rubber life rafts, has been a literal life saver to American flyers forced down at sea. Similar, but much larger, flotation bags are used to keep the planes themselves afloat long enough to allow the crew to escape. Pontoon bridges are sometimes supported in like manner by the expansive power of CO<sub>2</sub>.

How this same expansive power is used in the coal mining industry is, of course, an old story with which many of the folk living in Egypt are familiar. For those who are not, it may be of interest as another example of how CO<sub>2</sub> has been enlisted to promote safety and provide more efficient operations methods.

It all came about (this use of carbon dioxide in the mining of coal) because three men in Egypt had an idea that right in the home territory you could do a lot more impressive things with CO<sub>2</sub> than charge seltzer bottles or use it to put the zip in soda pop.

These three were John H. Crawford, Arthur W. Helmholtz and Dent Ferrell, all of Harrisburg. That was back around 1924. In twenty years this idea — this method of mining coal that developed because of three men of Egypt who could look at a thing and say, "That's fine, but can't we do something more with it?" — has grown and spread until it has become an important factor of efficiency and safety not only in the coal fields of Egypt, but in other fields throughout the country.

But let's go back to the beginnings, to Harrisburg and Messrs. Crawford, Helmholtz, and Ferrell.

It was probably inevitable that these men should think of application of CO<sub>2</sub> in terms of Egypt and coal mining, and it may be that they reasoned like this:

In carbon dioxide we have a force of tremendous expansive power. Now, we know that the warmer the CO<sub>2</sub> gets the greater that power is. Supposing then, that

we could put CO<sub>2</sub> into some kind of a container and insert the container into a drill hole in a coal mine. Then, if we could find a way to increase pressure of the CO<sub>2</sub> to any desired point and let the stuff go — all at once — what would happen? Seems as if something would have to give, and it would most likely be the coal.

So, some experiments along these lines were run, and sure enough, the coal did give. Right in Egypt, a new way of dislodging coal had been discovered. They got the coal all right, but that wasn't the only thing the three men found out.

They had started out with the idea of eliminating the use of explosives and flame. They found that, within limits, they could do this — and that, because the pressure at which the CO<sub>2</sub> was released could be controlled, there was less shatter-cracking. Compared to the sharp blow of explosives, the CO<sub>2</sub> exerted a relatively slow pushing action. Damage to roof and ribs of the mine was reduced. Thus two of the factors in mine accidents were minimized.

Naturally there have been many improvements and refinements in the application of CO<sub>2</sub> to the mining of coal. Cardox Corporation, the direct lineal descendant of the earlier company created to develop a new method, conducts a continuous research program to still further this end. But the principles developed by Crawford, Helmholtz and Ferrell are still true. In their essentials, as utilized today, here they are:

Instead of explosives, a Cardox Tube containing liquid CO<sub>2</sub> is inserted in the drill hole. An electric current of low voltage and amperage "sets off" the chemicals in a heater element within the tube. The resultant heat instantly gassifies the carbon dioxide, increasing its pressure. When a precisely predetermined pressure (in accordance with the degree of hardness of the coal) is reached, a soft steel shearing disc gives away. The CO<sub>2</sub> is liberated and rolls the coal forward.

Cardox Non-Explosive Mining is used in many of the important mines throughout Egypt. One of the Cardox plants is located at Benton, Illinois, while in St. Louis Cardox maintains a CO<sub>2</sub> manufacturing plant as one of the sources of the gas of which it has become one of the world's largest users.

It might be pointed out right here that the examples of ways in which the expansive characteristics of CO<sub>2</sub> are translated into useful work are just that—examples of principles, and no more. To do a thorough coverage job would require a tome of no mean proportions. In-

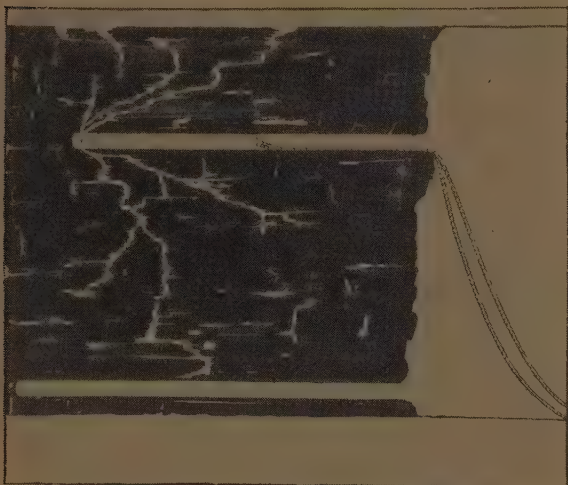
Cardox plant, Benton, Illinois.



stead, let's give the "once-over lightly" treatment to another field in which carbon dioxide has been covering itself with war-glory—and by saving, not destroying.

This field is that of fire protection, for carbon dioxide is one of the most efficient of fire extinguishing media.

It has been pointed out earlier that carbon dioxide can exist in various states—gas, liquid, or solid—or, within limitations, in certain combinations of states. (A chemist would probably call them "phases.") Through control it is possible to "pick out" the conditions under which CO<sub>2</sub> has the characteristics most favorable to fire extinguishing and then maintain those conditions. When this is done, carefully engineered application gives the



Slow heavy-acting carbon dioxide liberated in drill hole reduces shatter-cracking.

recognized properties of carbon dioxide enhanced fire extinguishing performance.

You have seen, for instance, how it performs brilliantly against even the very large, vicious fires that result from airplane crashes and which are among the toughest of all to handle. But it is not only at airfields that CO<sub>2</sub> has run up a remarkable record of achievement in making available more planes for America and her allies.

If you have ever had the opportunity to see the inside of a plant where airplane engines are made you will remember the test cells, where each engine is given operations tests for all aspects of performance. When they have successfully completed these tests, the engines are ready to take to the air—if they do not burn up in the process of testing.

Put a large airplane engine in a relatively small, enclosed space. Add aviation gasoline. For good measure throw in a generous supply of lubricating oil. Run the engine until it is hot. Then somehow, perhaps by breaking a fuel line, spray gasoline over the engine and generally around the test cell. If you like fires you will have a world-beater in that combination.

To meet this thorny problem called for the best that top-flight engineering, working with carbon dioxide, could achieve. But the problem *was* met. Not only that, but as a result of the engineering and research work done here and on other types of extremely severe fires, CO<sub>2</sub>

itself emerged with a stepped-up performance that made it more than ever one of the most potent of all weapons for the conquest of fire.

The result is that today *serious* fires in airplane engine test cells are almost unheard of. Fires do occur, but they are stopped so fast that usually the interruption to normal testing routine is only a matter of a few minutes and damage to test cell and engine either negligible or entirely absent.

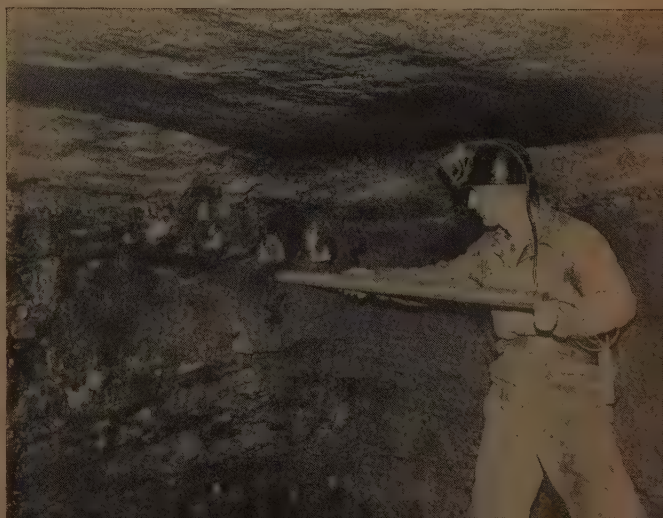
Carbon dioxide is an inert gas; that is, it will not support combustion. Released in mass discharge it quickly crowds out the oxygen necessary for fire. At the same time the very cold vapor and carbon dioxide "snow" (dry ice with a temperature of minus 110° F.) cool the entire fire zone. Since oxygen and heat are essential to fire, the fire simply cannot exist.

Throughout war industry CO<sub>2</sub> is contributing valiantly to the cause of a United Nations victory. Due to the great advances that have been made in recent years in the control and application of this fire-killing gas, CO<sub>2</sub> is doing things that it has never done before. Naturally much of the story cannot be told at this time. But this much can be known: It is knocking out fires—before they can work serious damage—that would otherwise, unless security censorship prohibited, be headline disasters.

On the battle-fronts, fighting planes, riddled with incendiary bullets, are getting back to their bases, thanks to CO<sub>2</sub> that snuffs out fires in engines and floods the empty space in gasoline tanks. PT boats prowl more successfully because carbon dioxide goes with them, ready to obliterate the fire caused by a stray hit that might otherwise turn them into floating torches. It has roamed the sands of Africa in tanks, fought side by side with their stout crews on Italian battlefields. Even the food the men eat is largely dependent upon carbon dioxide, for it plays an important part in the canning of certain dehydrated vegetables.

All over the world carbon dioxide is at work saving life and preventing destruction. When peace comes it seems entirely reasonable that the lessons learned in war will give it an ever widening scope of usefulness. Whatever peace time jobs it is called upon to perform, it is certain that no war worker or fighter who has seen the near-miracles accomplished by CO<sub>2</sub> will ever again regard it chiefly as the tingle in a bottle of soda pop.

Cardox Tube being inserted in drill hole.





# A Turchin Postscript

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

Additional information about the "Mad Russian." An interview with one of his close friends.

THE telephone bell rang. It was long distance — Christopher calling.

"EGYPTIAN KEY? This is John J. Matlavish of Christopher. Say, I liked that Turchin story in the KEY. I've got his violin, you know."

I didn't know but I soon found out. Over to Christopher I hustled.

A tall spare man with iron gray hair is Matlavish. Mild of voice, pleasant of manner, experienced in affairs of this world. He is an undertaker at Christopher. In that town of twenty-five different racial stocks, he is one of the men to whom all races and creeds turn for advice and help in time of stress.

Eagerly I asked the question, "How do you happen to have General Turchin's violin, Mr. Matlavish?"

The story came easily. It seems Thomas Matlavish, the father of John J., was born in Lithuania. At that time part of that small country was under the control of Germany and part under Russia. The Matlavish home was under Russian jurisdiction. In accordance with the Russian custom, Thomas Matlavish had been examined at the age of twelve and ticketed for military service at the age of seventeen. Thomas from his early childhood had been of a very religious nature. He did not want to undergo compulsory military service. Daily he prayed that he might be allowed to escape that servitude. His uncle's farm lay near the German border.

At the approach of the seventeenth birthday plans were made. A party of smugglers took the young Lithuanian across the border into Germany from where he traveled to England to embark for America, the land of freedom. A tempestuous sea voyage, on which Thomas' life was saved by the ship's captain during a storm, ended when a passing vessel, seeing the plight of the few remaining survivors, took them aboard and landed them safely in New York.

"That is very interesting, Mr. Matlavish, but how about General Turchin's violin?"

"It was like this, my father worked for seven years as a farm hand for a Methodist minister in New York. One day reading a New York City newspaper, he saw an advertisement. It was the ad of the Illinois Central Railroad inviting newcomers to America to move to Illinois and settle on lands offered for sale by the railroad. Father got the urge to go to Illinois. His employer, the minister, tried to discourage him, telling him of the hardships he would have to overcome, of the "hardpan" to be tilled, of the timber to be cut.

"The Matlavish determination held firm against all talk. Father came to Chicago and from there to the

new town of Radom. Of course he met General Turchin who was the railroad's land agent. Turchin was a Russian. Naturally the two became fast friends. On horseback they rode over Marion, Clinton, Washington, Perry, and Jefferson counties. At last, father chose eighty acres of timber land two miles west of the present town of Tamaroa for which he paid five hundred dollars cash. In the years to follow he added four hundred acres more to the original homesite."

It was not hard to get John J. Matlavish to talk about the early days of his father in Illinois. I listened fascinated by the story of these two men, one from Russia and one from nearby Lithuania, met in Illinois, friends till death.

"General Turchin, realizing father was a good business man, asked him to assist in the land sales work. The two carried on together until the job was done. The General then settled on his four hundred acres near Radom and father on his eighty near Tamaroa. A priest from Detroit came every three months to the new little church at Radom. He took a great fancy to father and introduced him by letter to a girl in his Detroit parish. After some correspondence, father made a trip there and brought his bride home to Tamaroa. She was my mother.

"The friendship between the General and father was extended to include their wives. The Turchins had no children of their own, so as the Matlavish family increased, the General and his wife came to look upon us children almost like we were their own."

His listener could not help but realize she was hearing a story never before told for public consumption. I could not help but marvel at the courage of our early pioneers, at the effect this country of ours had upon its newly acquired citizens.

"How did it happen that the General died so poor?"

"In 1871, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, a group of Chicago men thought they saw an opportunity to make a lot of money through a wheat pool. They figured the war would last at least six months. The General told his friends downstate about the pool. Father put in one thousand dollars, many others went into it in varying amounts, and the General put all his funds in the venture. In three months the war was over, the bottom dropped out of the wheat market and the speculators lost all their investment.

"This misfortune left the Turchins destitute. Their friends and neighbors, who were better farmers, looked after them. A petition was sent to Congress to obtain a well deserved pension for the General, though he real-

ly did not want one. He thought it would be too much like charity. He wanted a position where he could earn a living. A group of Washington County citizens finally succeeded in having him appointed an army inspector. For a number of years, as long as he was physically and mentally able, he made frequent trips to Washington, D. C., and to army posts on this work.

"When this employment began, the General said to his friend, Thomas Matlavish, my father: 'Your son John is a fine lad and we would like to have him come to our place and stay with Mrs. General during my absences.' It was so arranged and even after the General gave up the commission, I stayed on."

I began to feel that we were approaching the violin. I couldn't stop the story — I didn't want to. Fascinated, I listened.

"The General always called his wife, 'Mrs. General.' She became fond of me and then the General said to me: 'I need you too. If you will stay with us and listen

and influences of Europe, as well as of his own country. The huge, bluff Russian emigrant worked with John, played with him, taught him.

"But about the violin, Mr. Matlavish?"

"As the General grew older, he had to give up his four hundred acres and move from his first home to a small house on ten acres at the southwest edge of Radom. With the fifty dollars per month government pension, and the loving care of their neighbors, the elderly couple managed an existence."

The poor old General worried and fretted until he actually became ill. On April 9, 1901, the court declared him insane and appointed M. D. Pawlowski conservator of his estate, which then amounted to \$203. After the death of General Turchin, the court records show that the conservator turned over to Antonia Turchin the sum of \$78.

It was Thomas Matlavish who took the failing General to the Anna State Hospital when that became necessary. Upon the death of the "Mad Cossack," Thomas Matlavish and a group of men of Nashville, Illinois, saw to it that respectful burial was given him in the National Cemetery near Mounds, Illinois.

"And how did you get the violin, Mr. Matlavish?"

"Many years before his death, the General, when he began his army inspection work, told Mrs. General: 'When I am gone I want John to have this violin.'"

It was the smaller of two violins the General owned and today is John's prized possession. It bears the inscription: Made by Jacob Steiner in Abfam, Onemontum, 1676.

"And after the General's death?" I queried.

"Mrs. General lived three years after her husband's death. Three weeks before she died she sent for my mother, who cared for her until the end. Mrs. General died in my mother's arms. It was Mrs. General's dying request that all pictures, papers, and books not listed in the will be burned. This my mother did."

The will of General and Mrs. Turchin left their home of ten acres to Thomas Matlavish; the larger violin (a Brescia) and some valuable books to Colonel Louis Krughoff, of Nashville, Illinois; several other personal items to other members of the Matlavish family, and some books to Dr. Hagebush of Ashley because of his many kindnesses. A sister of John J. Matlavish, Mrs. Anna Hudholt, of Belleville, Illinois, has a table and two chairs from the Turchin home.

John Matlavish told me many more little incidents of his association with the Turchins. As he told them I wished several times I might have had the same experiences. How I would have liked to have sat in the Turchin home after the evening meal. The General would brew some of his favorite Russian tea in a samovar, using distilled water and adding two or three lumps of sugar and about a quarter cup of vodka. As he sipped his tea and smoked his cigarettes, he would tuck one of his violins under his chin and play the old Russian folk songs and the dances of the steppes of his native land. Wouldn't you like to have been there?

The story of the two Russian emigrants, heroes of our Civil War, General John B. Turchin and Nadine Antonia Turchin, comes to an end. In the words of a modern song, "The melody lingers on." In Christopher, today, through John J. Matlavish, General Turchin continues his work for his adopted country.



*Egyptian Key Photo*

John J. Matlavish, Christopher, with violin once the property of General John B. Turchin.

to me, I will teach you more than you ever will be able to learn in a college course.' I stayed with them for seven years."

The evidence of the General's training is seen in Christopher today. John J. Matlavish speaks seven languages, is exceedingly well versed in the history, habits,





# The Geese Go North

By BEN H. SMITH

*Drawing by Pfc. Hilding Ruden*

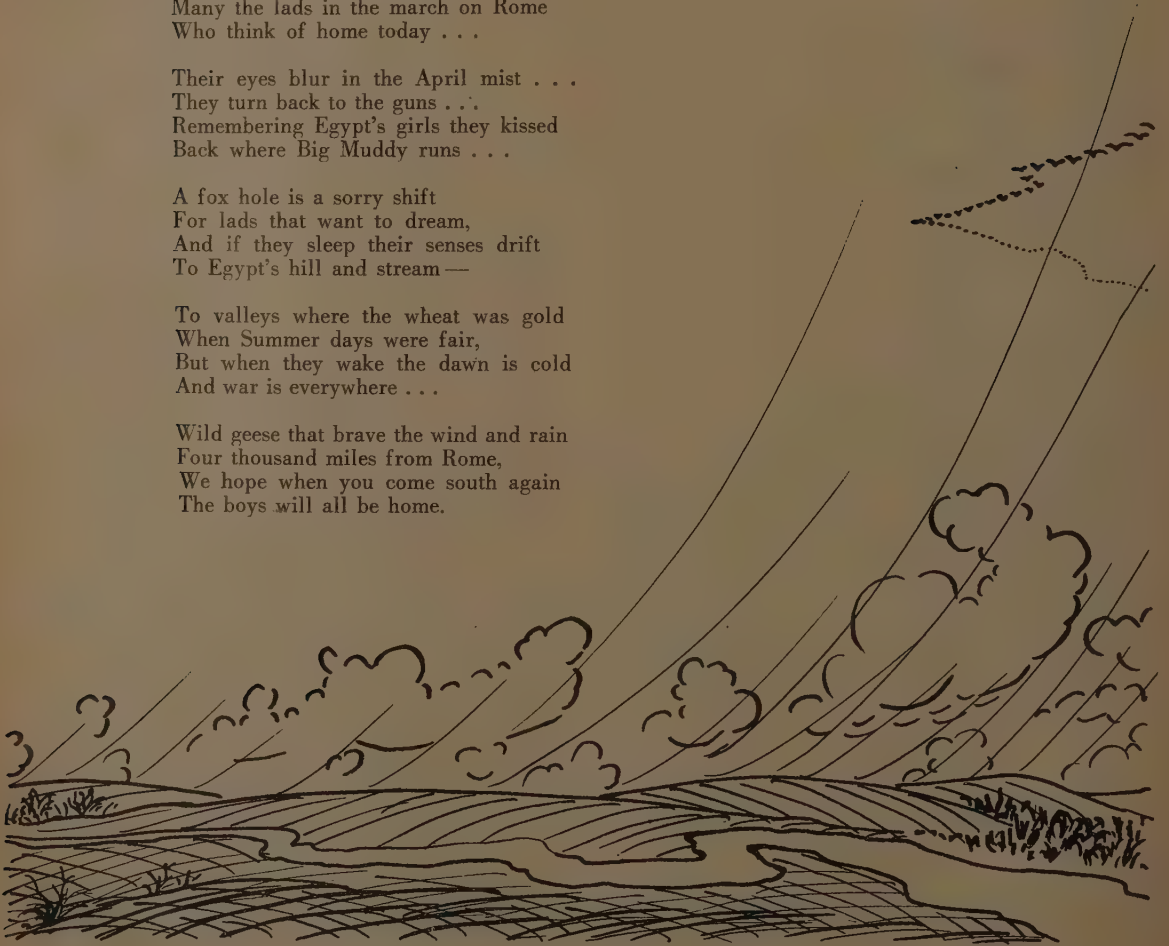
The wild geese ride the south wind home  
And spring is on the way;  
Many the lads in the march on Rome  
Who think of home today . . .

Their eyes blur in the April mist . . .  
They turn back to the guns . . .  
Remembering Egypt's girls they kissed  
Back where Big Muddy runs . . .

A fox hole is a sorry shift  
For lads that want to dream,  
And if they sleep their senses drift  
To Egypt's hill and stream —

To valleys where the wheat was gold  
When Summer days were fair,  
But when they wake the dawn is cold  
And war is everywhere . . .

Wild geese that brave the wind and rain  
Four thousand miles from Rome,  
We hope when you come south again  
The boys will all be home.



# Audubon in Illinois

By VIRGINIA CALDWELL McANDREW

## The story of a little known chapter in the life of a great bird painter.

**I**N a blinding snow storm in December, 1810, two men, with four helpers and a dog, set out from Henderson, Kentucky, to journey to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. In those days man could travel overland on foot or horseback or else on the waterways by boat. There were no other means of transportation in this relatively new Territory of Illinois.

John James Audubon and Ferdinand Rozier were partners in a mercantile business in Henderson, Kentucky. The two men with their party embarked in a "keelboat." This type of boat was open except at the stern, which was covered to make a small cabin. A steering pole projected at the stern and four oars in the bow furnished the motive power. The boat was heavily laden with merchandise from their Henderson store. The plans were to travel down the Ohio River to its confluence with the Mississippi River and then up the latter stream to the French village of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri.

Progress down the Ohio was made at about the speed of five miles an hour. First they passed Shawneetown, then a thriving settlement of between two and three hundred persons. As they floated with the current, giving an extra push now and then with the oars, they passed Cave in Rock, the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and Fort Massac.

When the travelers reached the mouth of the Tennessee River they were met by thousands of wild water fowl driven to the shallow shores of the Ohio River because the surrounding smaller streams and lakes were frozen. The iridescent heads of the mallard ducks above their white-ringed necks mingled with the brownish gray of the Canadian geese, whose black heads and necks were flecked with white. The Canadian goose is second only to the swan in size. Many other species of wild fowl were congregated on the open water.

Audubon was a woodsman, a naturalist, and a painter. An expert shot, his gun brought down many ducks and geese which he and Rozier ate. Many of the birds immortalized by Audubon's paintings were seen by him for the first time on this journey.

At the time of his trip down the Ohio, Audubon was only thirty years of age and striking in appearance. Of medium height, and slender build, he had brown hair and blue eyes—really a handsome man. His personality was so warm and friendly that he was liked by everyone he met and was just as much at home on the boulevards of Paris as in the forests of Illinois.

Audubon was born April 26, 1785, at Aux Gayes, Santo Domingo (now Hayti). He was the son of an officer of the French Navy who was able to give John a good education. At the age of four the lad was sent to France to attend school. In addition to the usual sub-

jects he was taught fencing, dancing, music, and painting. The last was his favorite study and he greatly enjoyed his tutoring by David, the famous French artist.

At eighteen, Audubon came to the United States, a handsome, polished youth, somewhat of a dandy in appearance with his elaborate dress and extravagant manner. In a short while he met and fell in love with Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of an Englishman living in Pennsylvania. After their marriage, Audubon brought his bride west where he hoped to achieve success in the business world. Many vicissitudes intruded upon his mercantile career and all in all it must be admitted he was a failure.

It was while Audubon still was trying to be a success in business, that he made a trip through a large part of Egypt. For those who enjoy speculation the problem may be posed: If Audubon had been a successful business man from the start, would he have made this trip to Ste. Genevieve, and if he had not made it would he ever have seen the wild life of the forests and have become sufficiently wrought up on the subject to win fame as a result of his bird pictures?

The third day of the journey toward the French town in Missouri, the party entered the mouth of the Cache River, or Cache Creek as it then was called. Hearing that the Mississippi River was full of ice, it was decided to camp on the little stream for a few days. The travelers remained a week. The nearby hills of Egypt were covered with virgin forest, red and black oak, sumac, and locust. The rich swamp land where the Cache emptied into the Ohio grew black walnut, ash, and pecan trees. The land was covered with canebrakes and nettles.

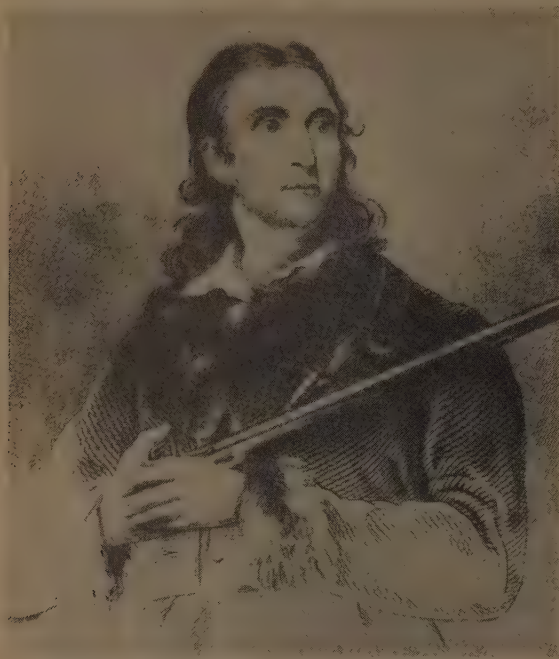
The Ohio River was at flood causing the high water to back up into the Cache, carrying with it many fish. The shallow water of the Cache abounded with all kinds of ducks. There were the black ducks (which so often winter in this region and are seen swimming in mid-winter in any open water); green-winged teal with chestnut heads; shovellers or spoon-bills, brightly colored small birds, green and brown with white markings; pin tails, dark brown with green and purple touches; and most brilliantly colored of all, wood ducks, with crested heads of iridescent green and purple streaked with white.

Sycamore trees lined the banks of the Cache, their white and brown bark making a beautiful setting. Upon the branches of these trees parakeets (parakeets) roosted at night. These beautiful birds, at one time common to many parts of the United States, are now practically extinct as the result of ruthless slaughtering. A beautiful green and orange-yellow bird, the parakeet



is the only parrot native to Eastern North America. Audubon shows it on Plate 26 of his *Birds of America*, published in London in 1827, an elephant folio set of 435 pictures painted in water color.

Audubon and Rozier found about fifty families of Shawnee Indians camped along the Cache. There was an abundance of game and a rich harvest of pecan nuts



Portrait of Audubon at the age of 41 by John Syme, Esq., S. A., Edinburgh, Scotland.

to be gathered. Although Audubon's skin was white and that of the Indians red, they had a common bond, their love of nature and the hunt. In the past, Audubon had picked up a few words of the Indian language and the Shawnees a bit of French patois. Thus they were able to converse satisfactorily.

Soon the Indians and Audubon had become good friends, and finding the white man's real interest was in birds and small animals, they eagerly caught them for him. In return for this Audubon would dig into his merchandise and bring forth some bright, flashy trinket and present it to the Indians. All of this was nonsense to Rozier and seemed to him a good way to keep from making money. He spent most of his time sulking, feeling that Audubon's interest in wild life meant only a longer delay to their journey. He had had many similar experiences with Audubon back in Henderson where John had preferred to roam the woods rather than to tend store.

On the second day of their stay, Audubon joined the Indians on a hunting trip across the Ohio River to a large lake opposite their camp. The lake was covered with beautiful trumpeter swans. So great were they in number it was said they kept the water from freezing in extreme weather by constantly swimming in it.

Trumpeter swans are now almost extinct, only a few remaining in sanctuaries, in the Rocky Mountain area and in Canada. They are six feet in length, the largest bird native to the United States. With a white body contrasting with black bills and feet, they present a striking appearance, especially against the blue of a lake.

These trips taken by Audubon and the Indians lasted from daylight to dusk. Each day brought new and exciting happenings. One morning Audubon awoke to find that twin babies had been born to an Indian squaw in the night and a cradle had been made of vines fastened to two trees. At one place a bear was found in a decaying log of immense size. A young Indian brave with his scalping knife entered the log and in due time emerged with the bear—dead.

When the Indians decided to break camp and leave, Audubon and his partner also wished to move. They hoped the ice in the Mississippi River had opened up. Audubon left Rozier at the camp, took two of his crew, walked thirty miles overland across Illinois Country to a point opposite Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to obtain assistance. A man by the name of Lorimier and six others agreed to help them with the rest of their journey. Upon their return overland, camp was broken and the trip resumed.

At dawn the party started the few remaining miles to the mouth of the Ohio River. On it, the going was easy, floating with the current, but when they turned up into the Mississippi, at the confluence where later Cairo was founded, conditions were very different. A current of three miles an hour against them and a river choked with floating ice cakes made their task a slow and difficult one. Finally they were forced to get out of the boat and walk along the shore, pulling the boat with *cordelles* (ropes made of bullock hide), leaving one man on the boat to steer.

The first trying day on the Mississippi they progressed seven miles. The exhausted group camped that night on the river bank hoping the next day would see them much farther on their way. Up at dawn, they started. Ice cakes and the strong current continued to work against them, their rate of progress being very slow, scarcely a mile an hour.

The second night they camped again and the third day made another attempt. The weather became colder and the progress slower. On the fourth day they gave up and made camp for the winter. The site of the camp was in Tawapatee (or Tywappity) Bottom, which was in Mississippi County, Missouri, on the east bank of the Mississippi on the bend where it flows north to make the last large bend before reaching its junction with the Ohio.

Such is the meandering of the Mississippi that although the camp was in Missouri, Illinois Country lay to the east and west. No white people were living within twenty miles on one side nor within fifty miles on the other side of the river. Not far from the Audubon camp, some Osage and Shawnee Indians had camps. The travelers busied themselves felling trees for a cabin in which to spend the winter or at least the time necessary until the ice cleared from the river.

Audubon again was in paradise for he could be off in the woods in search of birds and animals and could make friends with the Osages, members of a tribe heretofore unknown to him.

The Indians were fascinated by Audubon's ability to draw and to paint. They spent hours watching him. On one occasion he drew with red chalk a picture of an Osage chief. Never having seen a man reproduce on paper a likeness of another man, it seemed a miracle to the amazed and awed Indians.

At night, Audubon shared the job of keeping the wolves away from the camp. These animals kept the travelers awake with their howls as they prowled around looking for scraps of food.

Audubon liked to paint birds and animals in their native surroundings, disdaining to paint stuffed specimens. Sometimes he would shoot a bird or animal and sit down at the very spot to paint it. He believed the brilliancy of its plumage or fur faded even an hour after death. Wild life was plentiful around the winter quarters. The Illinois Country was full of wild turkey, bear, cougar, and raccoon. As a subject to paint, Audubon liked best the wild turkey. Plate 1 in his book is the wild turkey. These birds were about four feet in length, had coppery bronze feathers covering all but their heads and usually gathered in flocks of hundreds. The hen turkey would hide her nest with great care, always on the ground in tall dense weeds or thickets. Nine to eighteen eggs were concealed in each nest.

The store of bread of the party became exhausted and all that was left to eat was wild turkey, raccoon, opossum, and bear oil. One day Audubon with his dog and one of the men started across the bend toward Cape Girardeau to get some meal. A herd of deer distracted their attention and after Audubon had shot one, they continued their journey only to find they were lost and had walked in a circle to come back to their own camp. A good laugh greeted them upon their return.

At dawn the next morning, Audubon and the same companion, John Pope, a Kentuckian who was clerk for the partners, started again. They refused to let deer or wild turkey distract them. About sunset they reached a point on the Illinois shore opposite Cape Girardeau where they found an abandoned hut in which they spent the night.

Audubon met the prairie hen that night, many of them roosting on the nearby trees. His painting of this bird

is Plate 186. Known also as the prairie chicken and the prairie grouse, it is now extinct over much of the country where in former years it was very plentiful. Usually seen in prairies, swamps, and woodlands, it is somewhat like a hen in appearance, about fifteen inches long, of a yellowish-brown color spotted in black, with touches of white barred with brown. Its nest, which is poorly covered, is built on the ground. The love song of the prairie hen is a booming note often heard in the early morning. So penetrating is this sound it may be heard at a great distance.

The next morning when Audubon and his friend awoke, they found everything covered with snow and ice. The wild turkey walked on the ground rather than try to fly up to the dazzling white branches of the snow and ice laden trees. After some effort the party managed to attract attention on the opposite shore. Their yells heard, some men set out in a canoe to bring them bread, a bag of corn meal, and a barrel of flour. Unable to carry all of this, they hung part of it on trees out of reach of the wild hogs to remain until someone could be sent back for it.

For six weeks the travelers remained in camp, continually busy guarding the boat against crushing from floating and breaking ice. At one time they completely unloaded it to keep it afloat. They built a sort of jetty a little way upstream by cutting down some strong trees and placing them to throw the current with its ice toward the center of the stream.

Many days were spent hunting or fishing through the ice. The Indian women tanned the deer hides and stretched the small animal skins and wove baskets of cane. Of evenings all made merry around a huge log fire. Pope played his violin and Audubon his flute. At times the rest of the party danced to their music. The Indians sat around the fringe of the party stoically smoking their pipes.

At last the weather broke. Audubon vividly describes the breaking of the ice jam:

"While our time went pleasantly enough, a sudden and startling catastrophe threatened us without warning. The ice began to break, and our boat was in instant danger of being cut to pieces by the ice-floes, or swamped by their

Map showing places visited by Audubon on his journey into Illinois in 1810-1811.







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pressure. Roused from our sleep, we rushed down pell-mell to the bank, as if attacked by savages, and discovered the ice was breaking up rapidly. It split with reports like those of heavy artillery; and as the water had suddenly risen from an overflow of the Ohio, the two streams seemed to rush against each other with violence, in consequence of which the congealed mass was broken into large fragments, some of which rose nearly erect here and there, and again fell with a thundering crash, as the wounded whale, when in the agonies of death, springs up with furious force, and again plunges into the foaming waters. To our surprise, the weather, which in the evening had been calm and frosty, had become wet and blowy. The water gushed from the fissures formed in the ice, and the prospect was extremely dismal.

"When day dawned, a spectacle strange and fearful presented itself: the whole mass of water was violently agitated; its covering was broken into small fragments, and although not a foot of space was without ice, not a step could the most daring have ventured to make upon it. Our boat was in imminent danger, for the trees which had been placed to guard it from the ice were cut or broken into pieces, and were thrust against her. It was impossible to move her; but our pilot ordered every man to bring down great bunches of cane, which were lashed along her sides; and before these were destroyed by the ice, she was afloat, and riding above it. While we were gazing on the scene, a tremendous crash was heard, which seemed to have taken place about a mile below, when suddenly the great dam of ice gave way. The current of the Mississippi had forced its way against that of the Ohio; and in less than four hours we witnessed the complete breaking up of the ice."

Camp was broken and goodbyes were said to their friends, the Indians. Even after the boat was in free water the going was very difficult as huge cakes of ice were piled high on each side of the channel. They moved very slowly pushing their boat with poles, traveling in the middle of the river which was fairly clear. At last they reached Cape Girardeau, continuing their journey after a brief stop.

To quote Audubon: "We arrived in a few days at the Grand Tower; an immense rock detached from the shore, around which the current rushes with great violence. Our *cordelles* were used to force a passage at this dangerous spot; and our men, clinging to the rock as well as they could, looked as if each movement would plunge them into the abyss—but we passed on without accident. All this night, we heard the continual howling of the wolves, amidst the heavy woods that covered the large hills on the Illinois shore, opposite to this rock." Lucy Audubon in her *Life of Audubon* quotes her husband: "It was near this famous tower of granite that I first saw the great eagle that I have named after our good and great General Washington." Actually Audubon saw an immature bald eagle. The mature bald eagle is our national emblem. Audubon shows them on Plates 11 and 31, respectively, of his book.

At last the struggle was over and the party arrived at Ste. Genevieve. The little old French town did not appeal to John Audubon. Because he wanted the beauties of nature and home, he sold his share of the merchandise to Rozier. As soon as the river was clear of ice, Audubon, with his dog, crossed the Mississippi River and started alone, on foot, across Illinois. He says in his

diary that the going was very hard. Leaving the bottom lands to cross the prairies, he found them great seas of water. In spite of slipping and sliding, shod only in moccasins, he made forty-five miles the first day. He swam the Big Muddy River, saw herds of deer, passed two cabins enroute, and saw many buffalo skulls along the way.

The first night Audubon stopped at a squatter's cabin, had a good supper of fried venison, eggs, coffee, and brandy. At daybreak, after a satisfying breakfast, he gave each of the two sons a horn of powder and headed east again. That night, having covered another forty-five miles, Audubon asked, in French, permission of a party of Indians, to spend the night in their encampment. They welcomed him and fed him. The following day he covered the forty miles to the Ohio River. About four o'clock in the afternoon he passed the first



Prairie hen above her nest.

salt well and soon was in Shawneetown where he spent the night at the inn. There he met several of his friends who had come to buy salt. Only forty-seven miles from home, he knew he would end his journey the next day.

Audubon kept a journal of the journey. John Francis McDermott, of Washington University, St. Louis, found a copy of *The Winter's Wreath*, published in London and Liverpool in 1828, which contained Audubon's record of his trip. McDermott edited the journal and it was published in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* in 1942.

The May following his winter trip, Audubon again crossed the Illinois prairie. He found it a garden of wild flowers with butterflies and humming birds in great

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numbers. In the mild weather it was a delight to travel the fertile area.

The scene has changed, towns have sprung up where once was trackless wilderness; the Indians have vanished; the bear and the buffalo are gone. While many birds which Audubon found in countless numbers in Southern Illinois have been wiped out by the ruthless butchering of the hunters, such as the passenger pigeon, the wild turkey, the bald eagle, and the Carolina parrot, yet we have in this beautiful region many things of nature, just as they were in Audubon's day: forest trees, many of the same species of birds and the same varieties of wild flowers. We can walk in the woods and hear the

clear whistle of the cardinal and in the springtime lovely flowers spring up, perpetual reminders of eternal life.

Audubon was an early advocate of conservation. He pled for the saving of wild life. His voice, literally, was a voice crying in the wilderness. Today many organizations proudly bearing his name are the leaders in the conservation movement.

Donald Culross Peattie in his *Singing in the Wilderness: a Salute to John James Audubon* says: "New France was gone, politically, when Audubon came on the American scene. He was of it, none the less. He was the last of the voyageurs, the last of the chevaliers, the last of the troubadours."

# Egyptian Etchings—Winter

By JULE LE NARD



**F**RAGILE, fleeting, fantastic, a veritable fairyland, earth in regal splendor, ermine robed, bedecked with jewels and diadem, enveloped in soft gray and purple mists. Heralding return of Jack Frost, master artist, sculptor, builder. The sleeping grasses, weeds, shrubs, and trees don at twilight hour their silvery robes of frost. Throughout the long clear crisp nights, 'neath the canopy of blue,

studded with myriads of twinkling stars; lengthening shadows flickering in the cool pale moonlight. At times clothed in shimmering, scintillating sheet of sparkling snow, aglow when kissed by early morning's dancing sunbeams, a carpet, bower, or forest of dazzling jewels. . . Aladdin-like vanishing with the first warm rays of noon-day sun.

Along banks of streams and creeks, in crevices of rocks, on woodland trails, tiny crystal castles with moats and bridges. Filigree fretwork at water's edge, soft bits of downy crystal, noiselessly twirling, whirling, through the air. Like highly polished Carrara, gleaming roofs of old barns and sheds, fence posts becoming plumed knights, brush piles and corn cribs beautiful domes and turrets, drifts along trails and fences like piles of swans-down, powdery snow, smoke-like . . . whited air blotting out distant landscape.

Gorgeous, sparkling stalactite—Burden Falls.

Frosty fantasies on window panes: fairy woodlands, hills and glens, trees, ferns, flowers, ancient castles, butterflies, birds, dainty gossamer-winged elves.

Floating leisurely along the rippling waters of the

Ohio and the Mississippi, glistening miniature icebergs.

Lodges of muskrat . . . squirrels frisking in search of wintry hoard, then scampering to their cozy warm nests in bare tree tops . . . tracks of the cotton-tail to and from his hutch under the low swaying branches of cedar.

Ruffled breasted sparrows clinging to icy twigs. Like wind-blown autumnal leaves, sudden swirl of snow birds alighting to feed. Flecks of color as a blue jay, woodpecker, or cardinal flits up. Merry song of the chickadee, call of the bob white, chirp of the towhee, chatter of the mocking bird breaking the great stillness. Flocks of gulls sojourning on Crab Orchard Lake. Fish biting. Hounds baying at the scent of a fox.

A study in silhouettes . . . leafless trees, their strength and great beauty of symmetry no longer hidden by foliage.

Delicate feathery spray on the elm and beech; gnarled, towering sturdy oak, like great pillars of wrought iron; tall narrow trunk of pine, with plume-like sweeping branches; awkward, upward-curving branches of sumac suggesting deer horns; unusual branching of sassafras to left, then right, turning upward as a many-branched candelabra; grace of the weeping willow contrasting with the straight trunk and up-curved sweep of Lombardy poplar; shrub-like sturdy red bud and dogwood.

Black trunks, boughs, and twigs against a blue, gray, or moonlit sky, sometimes with but a delicate tracery of frost or sparkling snow; sometimes iridescent with dazzling jewels, here and there deep green of pine . . . beauty begging description.

Deep green of the swamp holly, yellow of the witch hazel, waxy green of the mistletoe clusters snuggling in upper branches of the black gum tree.

Viewed from Alto Pass at sunset, crests of the Ozarks enveloped in purple mists, gorgeous afterglow tingeing scudding clouds, soft gray mists arising over the valley below, with its pale green of winter wheat, brown of early plowed fields, and white of the light snowdrifts in shady hollows:

The spaciousness, the nearness of the starry firmament, the breathless silence of Nature asleep, the ever-changing scenic splendor, all so indescribable . . . proving the Infinity, the Omnipotence of God, the Creator of all . . . such is the beauty, the ethereal charm of winter in Egypt.

# Egyptian Starlight

## I. John J. Pelley

Egypt excels in the production of fruit, coal, and oil, but of even greater importance are her human products. The first of a series.



IN DECEMBER, 1937, a large bronze tablet was erected on the trackside wall of the railroad station in Anna, Illinois, announcing that it would be known as Pelley Station. This was in honor of a native son who began his railroading career in Anna—a career that one day would see him vice president of the railroad on which he started, and finally spokesman for the entire railroad industry.

The man for whom the station was named is John J. Pelley, who was born in Anna on May 1, 1878, the son of Mary Anders Pelley and Joseph Pelley, a local contractor. Even as a boy, John was a leader and captained his high school football team to many victories. Shortly after entering the University of Illinois, his father died, and John left school to become the family breadwinner. For awhile, he taught algebra and geometry in the high school. He wasn't destined to teach long.

In the summer of 1899, a friend who was station master and odd job man for the Illinois Central Railroad in Anna asked John if he thought he could substitute for him while he took his vacation. John thought he could—and did. By the time his friend returned, John Pelley had made up his mind that he liked working on the railroads, and he became a regular track apprentice.

When, in the fall of 1902 a branch line was needed between Reevesville and Golconda, Illinois, John Pelley was chosen as general foreman of the construction gang to build the road, which, was to be in operation by January 1, 1903. In Reevesville, he saw that some of the preliminary grading had been done, but he was faced with unexpected labor troubles. However, John Pelley had been given a job to do—and he did it. One after another, he rounded up thirty-eight laborers, and went to work. The branch line was not only completed on time—it was operating six days ahead of schedule. In recognition of his initiative and resourcefulness in handling the Golconda line, Pelley was made track supervisor. He has often said that he was prouder of that promotion than any he has ever received.

In 1908 John J. Pelley married Alma Ethel Thomp-

son, a Golconda girl. In the years that followed, she shared his career as it progressed, and in 1926, when he was forty-eight, saw her husband promoted to president of the Central of Georgia, a subsidiary of the Illinois Central. Three years later he became president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. When, in 1934, a president was needed for the Association of American Railroads in Washington, D. C., the 150 member roads agreed that it must be someone who had the experience and ability to "speak and act for the entire industry in matters of common concern." That man, they felt, was John J. Pelley.

Today, at 66 and with 45 years of railroading behind him, President Pelley is tall, powerfully-built, and looks as if he'd played football in his earlier days. His hair is iron grey, and when he talks, his hazel eyes are direct and his words simple, frank and to the point. His infectious smile, unaffected naturalness and informality win friends for him wherever he goes. He is an energetic worker, but also knows how to play. He shoots golf in the low eighties and enjoys a game of bridge for relaxation.

John Pelley's love of children has become characteristic. The "apples of his eye" are his grandsons, the children of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. van Schalkwyk (formerly Mary Jane Pelley), of Ottawa, Canada. Johnnie, named for his grandfather, is four, and already shows a distinct interest in railroading. Johnnie's little brother was born last December.

President Pelley's Washington office is a shadow of the man who occupies it. It is comfortable and simply furnished. Perhaps the most noticeable thing in the room is the silver plaque placed on the wall so that it faces the mahogany desk. It was sent to him in 1935 as a symbol of the pride the citizens of Anna, Illinois, have taken in him throughout his career. The inscription is simply signed, "From the folks back home."





### Beauty in Egypt

Top left to right—Rocks at Bell Smith Springs, (Photo by Herman Sims, Royalton); Indian Ladder, (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg); North ridge, Stillhouse Hollow, (Photo by W. V. Rathbone). Center right—In the valley along the road to Bald Knob, and lower left—Baptist Creek, (Photos by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna). Lower right—Rocks at Dixon Springs, (Photo by Herman Sims, Royalton)



# Easter Legends

As Easter approaches, two greatly loved trees brave the cool breezes and late frosts to bring the first touch of color to the hillsides of Egypt—the red bud and the dogwood.

In early spring the first sign of recurring growth “on the hills of home” is the beautiful red bud—*Cercis canadensis*. Its tiny red blossoms, like drops of cherry juice, cover the branches with a flame that makes the tree stand out on hillsides and in sleeping woods “like a beacon of faith in a dark night.”

In many regions the red bud is called the Judas tree because the remorseful Judas is supposed, after the betrayal, to have hanged himself from the branch of such a tree. Its gorgeous buds, stained with the blood of Judas, make yearly atonement through the inspiration, the nostalgic memories they bring.

As the red bud gets into full bloom, the dogwood (*Cornus*) begins to blossom. According to the legend, the dogwood, in Christ's time, was a large tree such as the oak or elm. The wood of a dogwood tree was chosen as timber for the Cross. So distressed were the dogwood



Photo by Maidie Boyle, Chicago  
Dogwood Trees in Red  
Hills, Lawrence County.

trees over this use that Jesus made them a promise. He promised that never again would a dogwood tree grow large enough to be used for a cross. It would be slender, bent, and twisted. Its blossoms would form a cross, two long and two short petals. In the center of the outer edge of each petal would show the nail prints, brown with rust and stained with blood; the center of each flower would look like a crown of thorns. Thus all would remember that it was on a dogwood that Christ was crucified and therefore never to mutilate nor to destroy it.

Each springtime in Egypt a multitude of dogwood trees burst into full blossom just a few days before Easter Sunday.

Thus Nature through the red bud and the dogwood tells the story of the Holy season.

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# Old Stone Face

By BEN H. SMITH

Like a warrior aged and wrinkled  
Dreaming of the days ago,  
Sits Old Stone Face down in Egypt  
As the years go on and on . . .  
Sits and dreams of many things—  
How a Red man ruled as King;  
How summer filled the valley  
With the sound of song and wing;  
How the grass came back to Egypt  
With the coming of the Spring.

Were his heart not made of stone  
It would burst from pride alone  
When he sees down in the valley  
Sons of Egypt he has known:  
Lincoln, towering great and high;  
Logan, grave of thought and eye;  
Bryan, whose speech about Free Silver  
Was his party's battle cry;  
And the lion-hearted Borah  
Made too big for gold to buy . . .

In the east great clouds arise,  
Death is riding in the sky.  
And he sees through sightless eyes  
Egypt's sons go out to die.  
Going as they went of old  
Where the tides of battle rolled . . .  
Fighting to retain the freedom  
That to them is more than gold.  
And for which all men must battle  
Till the tale of war is told . . .

Looking down across the valley,  
Looking back across the years,  
Shadows come and shadows whisper  
Secrets for immortal ears.  
All around the sunlight spills  
Flooding Egypt's farms and mills.  
Gone the past beyond returning,  
Come the future as God wills . . .  
Old Stone Face sits in silence  
Looking out beyond the hills.

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# MASTER

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# A Comparison

The receipt of Ben Smith's poem on the *Old Stone Face* turned our thoughts to stone faces. Why should New Hampshire have so much publicity, so many visitors, so great a revenue from her Old Man of the Mountain while Egypt has a stone face that stands, day after day, lonely and unknown?

What has the rock face of New Hampshire got that the comparable rock face of Egypt has not? Nothing. For comparison we have obtained a picture of the New Hampshire Stone Face. It is a copyrighted, official picture. There has been no "monkey-business." Compare it with our own. Which more resembles a human face?

It is true that the New Hampshire face is slightly higher than our own. Size has never been a requisite for quality. We can think of quite a few of the dominant characters of the world who were very small. As nearly as we can find out, without the employment of surveyors, Egypt's Stone Face is somewhere between twelve and twenty feet in height. New Hampshire's is slightly larger.

Here, however, is the pay-off. New Hampshire's Old

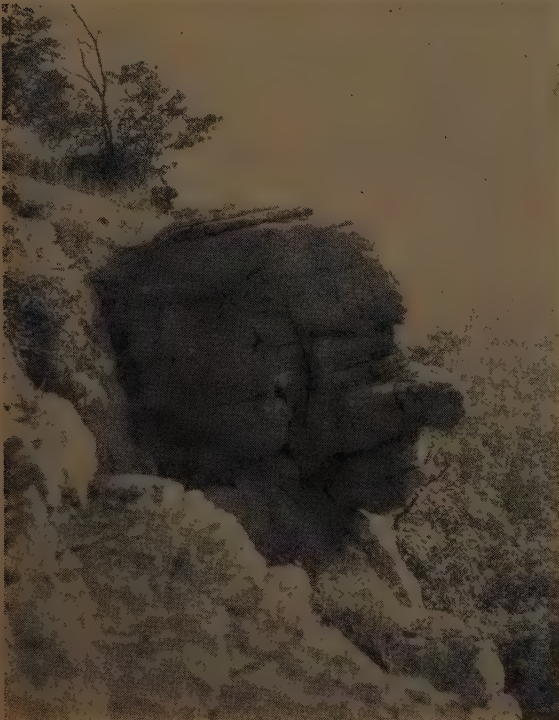
Man of the Mountain has had his face lifted. Nature placed the forehead rock in such a position that several years ago it began to slide forward, spoiling the facial resemblance. A lifting operation was necessary. Today the brow is back in place, securely held by giant chains concealed from view. As yet no such need has arisen for our Egyptian Face.

There are some interesting thoughts brought out by a comparison of the two rock faces. It seems to us that Egypt's Face is a less stern face, a face showing the mellowing influence of our glorious climate in contrast to the severity of New Hampshire weather. It seems to us that our Egypt's Face shows quite a bit of a sense of humor while that of New Hampshire shows a drawn, tight, stern, physiognomy. It seems to us that our Egyptian Face appears to be that of a well fed Mississippi-valleyian in contrast to the bleak, strictly on a diet, New Hampshire profile.

You may not agree with our deductions but why not investigate Egypt's Stone Face? By all means this natural wonder should be taken over by the State of Illinois, made more easily accessible, and publicized to the nation.

Old Stone Face, near Harrisburg, Illinois.

*Photo by W. V. Rathbone*



Old Man of the Mountain — The Great Stone Face, New Hampshire.

*Photo copyrighted by C. T. Bodwell*





# Fairfields's Share in Lincoln

By JUANITA GROVES

**The Rail-splitter was first endorsed for President at Fairfield.**

THE night was dark and still except for the occasional croaking of frogs in a nearby pond and the night breeze was softly blowing as if to soothe one to sleep—yet in a lamp-lighted room of the Virden home, east of Fairfield, two friends sat chatting about the affairs of the world, much as we would do today.

One of the men was the host, William Virden, who was engrossed and thrilled at the opportunity to show a friend, whom he had not seen for some time, real Wayne County hospitality. As they sat munching ginger bread and drinking black coffee their conversation drifted from the Black Hawk War to the question

of slavery.

The next morning as the family and the guest were seated at the breakfast table, it was very noticeable even to Elizabeth, a youngster of six or seven, that this guest in their home was a tall man—much larger than her older brother or father—and that he wasn't nearly as good looking.

As the men left the room after their breakfast, Elizabeth started to help her mother with the dishes. With childish candor she remarked: "Mommy, he sure isn't pretty, is he?"

Rebuking her daughter, Mrs. Virden replied:—"Handsome is that handsome does." We know the Virden guest as Abraham Lincoln and history has proven that truly he was a handsome man.

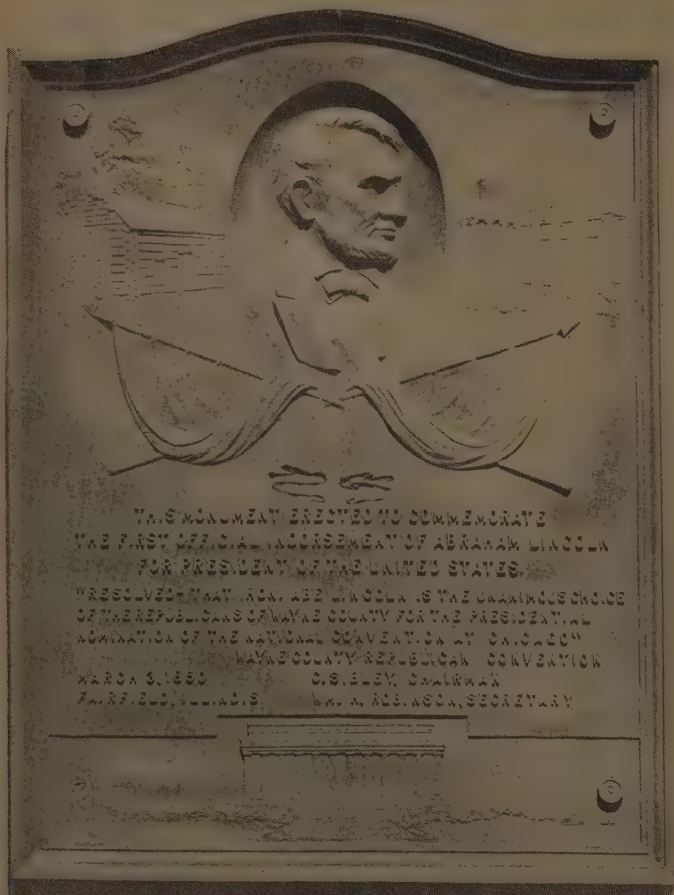
Lincoln's visit at the Virden home was cut short. A rising young politician of the day he had quite a bit of traveling to do. Legal matters took him hither and yon. He never missed an opportunity to make friends and acquaintances or to exchange ideas and learn the views of his countrymen.

Although Lincoln made few visits to Fairfield, his vibrant spirit ever was pushing on in the hearts of all his friends.

In the early part of 1860, arguments and debates were being heard on the plank walks, in barber shops, general stores, and in the homes all over Egypt. Everyone was trying to decide who would make the best President for the good of all the States. Each knew that it would take a great man with a fervent love for the nation as a whole.

Angry March winds lifted and swirled the dust from the horse-trodden rough roads that led to Fairfield, as if they too were all upset about the slavery question. The streets were crowded with horses and buggies, saddle horses tied to hitch-

Memorial Marker on public square, Fairfield.



ing racks, and farmers who had come to town to do their trading and to get their neighbor's viewpoint on the slavery question.

As the business men, politicians, and farmers gathered in groups in front of the livery stable or the general store, cob pipes were lit and mouths filled with chewing tobacco, in preparation for a general discussion. Earnest and excited voices were heard. Such scenes had been common for some time but today, a different feel was in the air, a tenseness in the manner of speaking. Today was the big day, March 3, 1860, when the Republican county convention was to meet at Fairfield.

The small town suddenly seemed alive with people crowding the street. More wagons, horses and buggies, and men on horseback appeared. These men of the prairie were there to exercise that American right—to help select those whom we want and believe will do the best job for our country's future. As the common people had figured it out amid conversations reeking with tobacco juice and smoke, as they traded eggs for flour at the general store, or when visiting friends on Sunday afternoons, this country needed a man who was religious, courageous, and willing to give everything he had, to win the fight against slavery and to save the Union.

We know now that which they could not possibly have known at the moment—their choice was an excellent one.

The *Prairie Pioneer*, Fairfield's newspaper at the time, published the following article in its issue of Thursday, March 15, 1860:

The following resolutions were passed at the Republican Convention, March 3, 1860:

Resolution No. 7. *Resolved*, that Honorable Abe Lincoln is the unanimous choice of the Republicans of Wayne County for the presidential nomination of the National convention at Chicago.

Resolution No. 11. *Resolved*, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the President and Secretary and sent to the *Prairie Pioneer* at Fairfield, the *Chicago Press and Tribune*, the *Egyptian Republic* at Centralia, and the *State Journal* with a request to publish the same.

C. Sibley, Chairman,

Wm. H. Robinson, Secretary.

Fairfield, March 3, 1860.

This fiery patriotism which ignited at Fairfield, Illinois, burned a clear path straight to the doors of the White House. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

With this office and most of the people behind him he was to have the chance to fulfill some, if not all, the dreams that were uttered years before between him and his friend, William Virden.

In October, 1939, a monument of

Georgia marble, with an aluminum plaque in bas-relief, was unveiled in the courthouse square at Fairfield, to commemorate the nomination to the Presidency of one of the greatest men who ever lived, and to remind those living in Wayne County, and those who pass through it, of the keen vision and foresight of those grandfathers and great grandfathers who saw the Lincoln light and made the first endorsement of him for the Presidency at Fairfield.

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# A Home on a Hill

By MARIE BELLE BLEDSOE



**R**UMOR said—*The Shepherd of the Hills* was written about the hills around Cobden, Illinois; and that Harold Bell Wright was born there May 4, 1872, on the beautiful Bell estate.

The Bell estate during the lifetime of James Bell was legally described as "the east one-half (E ½) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼) and fifty (50) rods in width off of the east side of the southwest quarter (SW ¼) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼) of section twenty-nine (29) in township eleven (11) south of Range one (1) west of the Third Principal Meridian in Union County and State of Illinois." In plain English, the Bell house stands atop the big hill immediately east of Cobden about one mile from the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Michael Dillon purchased the property from the United States in 1836; and Colonel Allen Bainbridge, a later owner, sold it to Thomas and Finus Evans. Bell occupancy of the land dates from the early "sixties." William Henry Perrin, in his *History of Alexander, Union, and Pulaski Counties*, states that James Bell purchased the estate from Thomas and Finus Evans and "tastefully improved it" into "one of the most beautiful homesteads in Southern Illinois."

The fruit orchard, "mostly of cherries," and the greenhouse quickly gained a wide reputation, "surpassing anything of the kind in this section of the country."

The Bell family consisted of James and Eliza Bell, their son George and two daughters, Maggie and Gertrude. James Bell gave away almost half of the produce of the greenhouse; but John Ihle, who was in charge of the handsome grounds and greenhouse, made the remainder provide funds enough to run the estate, the yearly upkeep of which amounted to "nine or ten thousand dollars." If James Bell had the "Midas touch," Ihle had the "green thumb."

Then, as now, Cobden was an important fruit shipping point on the Illinois Central Railroad; and in those days, fortunes were being made quickly.

Cobden—the older settlers preferred to call it South Pass, its original name—was a cultural center. Citizens were proud of their village band and their splendid musicians. They were proud of their library, which consisted of 1,400 volumes, "some of them quite valuable." Mrs. Eliza Bell was vice president of the library board in 1883. The citizens were proud of their spacious homes, their fine fruit farms, their businesses, their American way of living.

Lincoln used to joke about having his office in his hat. John Mesler said that James Bell "had a variety of businesses, but no office except his desk." This desk was a massive affair, built according to Bell's specifications by the Wooten Desk Company, of Indianapolis, and was



Left—Tree ladder and observation platform. Right—Looking south from Bell Hill during light fall of snow.





patented October 6, 1874. With Bell's permission, the Indiana manufacturers commercialized it.

When James Bell died on January 5, 1889, newspapers of the surrounding towns eulogized him. The Cobden correspondent of the *Jonesboro Gazette* paid him the following tribute:

"James Bell employed a large number of people. Free from ostentation, his bounty fed and clothed the needy with only chance to reveal the donor. He was a loyal friend, a dutious and indulgent father, a just and considerate husband. . . . He was a constant reader and a clear and accurate thinker. He was true to his convictions and lived up to his sense of the fit and right thing, and at the same time he was tolerant of the ideas of those who differed from him. He struggled with ill-health for years

three sides of the edifice. In that period, people were learning that it is much less difficult and less expensive to heat a more compact house.

An ingenious piping system supplied the faucets of the new Bell home with hard and soft water. Call bells and speaking tubes were installed, as were gas jets and wall brackets.

When one enters the reception hall, one has the strange feeling that fair-haired Maggie will rise from the carved window seat and come forward quickly with a pleasant greeting. To the right one can see the dining room with its lovely fireplace. Still intact is the original ornate chandelier with its crystal teardrop pendants. To the north of the dining room is the kitchen and butler's pantry.

To the left of the reception hall is the library. It, too, has a fireplace, and along its walls were bookshelves and built-in seats. Only one of the shelves remains, but the seats still are there.

The north door of the reception hall leads to the old ballroom, which is being used as a bedroom by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joram, the present owners. Ornate mirrors which touch the ceiling, once reflected swirling gaily dressed couples whose dancing feet followed the moods and music of engaged musicians.

Most of the second story rooms were used for sleeping



View to the southwest from front porch in summer.

with fortitude and cheerfulness, impatient only of sacrifice and solicitude for time. His daily life was a model."

On February 4, 1891, George Bell, son of James Bell, married Alice Lee Bailey, of Ogden, Utah. After an extended honeymoon, the young couple came back to the homestead and entered into the social life of the Egyptian community.

In her diary, Maud Rittenhouse Mayne describes the visit of fourteen Cairoites to Cobden on August 13, 1891. George Bell drove them about on a hayrack, and Maggie kept the "music box" wound up. Unfortunately Miss Maud expends most of her words on the wardrobe of her escort, dashing "Rob" Robinson.

Talented Maud was a frequent visitor to the beautiful Bell estate; her songs and recitations enlivened many a party or "sociable."

Many today remember the matched pair of ponies that drew the open two seated surrey with the fancy umbrella top and the stunning horse with docked tail used with the Bell buggy. The stables on Bell Hill were large and well filled with livestock.

During the fall of 1897, the old house burned; but employees of the W. P. Mesler and Company boxmill and other helpful citizens were able to save most of the furnishings.

The following year the new house was built. Gone was the huge tower; gone the veranda that bordered



Old ballroom, now used as bedroom. Original wall paper can be seen and the full length mirrors.

purposes. In the room occupied by Eliza Bell there is another fireplace. Near the door of the housekeeper's room stands the laundry chute ready to send soiled linen and clothing to the basement.

The attic also was used for dancing and parties. One closet contained the wraps of the ladies; the other, on the opposite side of the room, contained those of the gentlemen. In one of the closets hang thirty-seven fragile Japanese lanterns, mute evidence of many gala occasions.

A portion of an Ogden, Utah, paper, carrying a September, 1890, dateline, was found in a corner. Nearby was a canopied doll bed with a matching chair, no doubt the property of little Dorothy Bell. The material with which the toys were covered could not be determined by Eva Joram Basler or Ed, her husband.



A glimpse from the attic window is enough to convince one that W. H. Perrin did not exaggerate when he said, "The lofty peaks of the Kentucky and Missouri hills are plainly discernable, and the curling smoke of steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers can be determined." The view is splendid, and Harry Joram says that one could see the steamer smoke if there were any smoke. Trees line the long winding drive.

Rumor said — but Harold Bell Wright has the last word:

EGYPTIAN KEY  
Carbondale, Illinois

My parents moved from Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y. to what was then known as South Pass, Illinois, soon after

they were married. Later they returned to the ancestral farm near Rome. I was born there, in the house where my father was born — built by his grandfather.

My mother gave me my middle name for her friends the Bells, at South Pass — now Cobden.

I have never been in that part of the country in my life. Never was in Illinois except passing through on a train, and in Chicago.

My mother's mother died when she was a baby.

My father's mother lived at Rome, and later at Newburgh, N. Y.

Cordially,

Harold Bell Wright

Quiet Hills Farm  
Escondido, California

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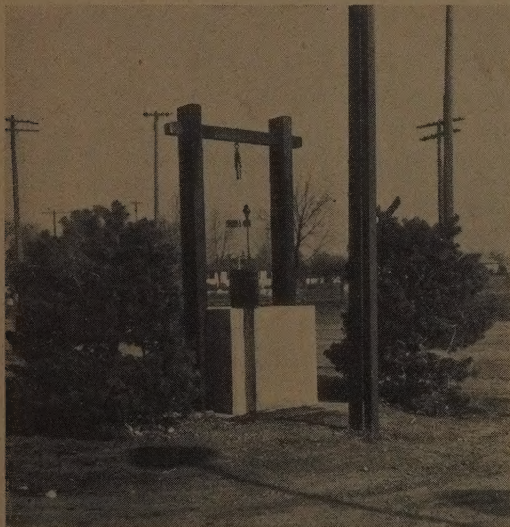


Photo courtesy State Highway Department, Carbondale

Old public well about one mile west of West Frankfort. Rebuilt by the State Highway Department.

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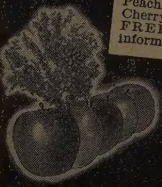
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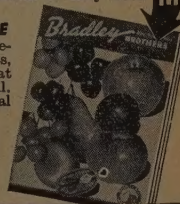
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# Egyptorials

## IMMEDIATE ACTION NECESSARY

As the KEY goes to press, a disaster to Egypt is dangerously near. The Sensmeier Woods are apparently lost to all lovers of Nature and of the beauty of the great outdoors.

The estate of the late M. J. Sensmeier is in the process of settlement. Two hundred and twenty acres of wonderful woods, the only virgin forest left in the entire State of Illinois is a part of this estate. The late owner refused throughout his lifetime to allow it to be exploited for commercial gain.

As the KEY understands the situation, a Memphis lumber company has offered \$55,000 for the cutting rights on the tract. The Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, sponsoring a project to save this area for the public, has offered \$60,000 for the title to the entire tract. The extra five thousand dollars is more than the land would be worth without the timber. It is a fair offer.

Unfortunately, the women do not have their funds collected but there is no doubt of their ability to raise the amount. Meetings have been held with representatives of the Izaak Walton League, Illinois Federation of Garden Clubs, Associated Conservation Organizations, the Conservation Council, Federated Sportsmen's Clubs, and the Wildflower Preservation Society. These organizations have all indicated a willingness to help and to contribute to the fund.

It is the plan of the interested organizations to purchase the land and then turn it over to the State Forestry Department to manage.

It will be to the eternal shame of the whole of Egypt if this beautiful woods, in which Roaring Springs furnishes an added attraction, is not saved.

It may be that the sale will have been consummated to the lumber company before these words appear in print. The KEY has called several leaders of Egypt on the long distance phone in an effort to stop this rape of one of the beauty spots of Egypt.

To us it does not matter if title has been passed. If there are no legal means to stop such an unpatriotic act, there is an even greater force—public opinion. Does not the common citizenry have some sort of a vested right in the natural beauty of the area? Does not the State have some sort of power to stop this vandalism?

Citizens of Egypt, now is the time to show your love of your land. This tract of 220 acres, five and one-half miles south of Anna, must be saved. Our children and our grandchildren have rights. The KEY will assist in any way in its power.

Such a sordid act as cutting these towering tulip and oak trees on this tract is murder in the first degree. It must be stopped. Who will help?

## OUR PET PEEVE

Many times we have fulminated about it. Once we editorialized about it. It still persists in some places. "Little Egypt."

In Douglas Gilbert's recent book *Lost Chords*, the history of popular music in America, he says: "Will Rossiter published Jim Thornton's song *She Never Saw the Streets of Cairo*, a rib of Little Egypt, the Midway dancer at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 who wriggled herself into a sensation as the nation's naughtiest girl."

What a fine association of ideas for this area of ours!

The readers of the first issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY know how our section of Illinois got its loving nickname of "Egypt." Let us not defile it by using the derisive "little."

## THE NAME IS SMITH!

This issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY might be said to be dedicated to that great family of Smiths. A magazine is put together partly by plan and partly by gosh. It was not noticed by anyone in the KEY organization, until the entire issue was assembled, that, without planning, we had featured the Smith family. It is a good American name so for the benefit of those with other equally fine and noble surnames, we say: You never can tell, maybe some issue of the KEY will feature your family name. Especially if we have to use more "gosh" than "plan."

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

With this issue the EGYPTIAN KEY reaches its first birthday. Reversing the usual custom, we wish to extend birthday greetings to the many friends who have made possible the magazine.

We, who publish the KEY, recognize the fact that without our advertisers, our subscribers, our contributors, and our readers, it would be impossible to produce the KEY.

It seems fitting at this time for the publishers of the EGYPTIAN KEY to express publicly their thanks to those faithful contributors, who during our first year have gratuitously written and contributed articles. Such interest in Egypt should be appreciated by all Egyptians as it is by the publishers.

Those whom the publishers wish to thank publicly are: Karl W. Baumann, Carbondale; Dr. Richard L. Beyer, Carbondale; Grace Frances Borah, Mount Vernon; Bert R. Burr, Murphysboro; Barbara Burr Hubbs, Chicago; Jule Le Nard, Chicago; Virginia Caldwell McAndrew, Carbondale; Guyla Wallis Moreland, Mounds; Silvester E. Quindry, Harrisburg; Grace P. Smith, Carbondale; and Arlie W. Toole, Harrisburg.

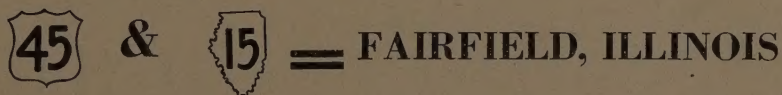
We wish to thank publicly those many, many friends of Egypt and the KEY who have contributed so generously the pictures which have made the KEY much more attractive.

And to that host of friends, those who stand by and cheer us on, entirely too, too many to mention by individual name, we on the occasion of our first birthday, extend greetings. You help a lot.





## TEN, TEN, DOUBLE TEN



**T**HE City of Fairfield is the County Seat of Wayne County, largest county in Egypt, and is located at the junction of U. S. Highway 45 and State Highway 15. It is also served by the Southern and the Baltimore & Ohio railroads, and has bus connections from the four cardinal directions.

### Municipal Utilities

Fairfield has a modern, municipally owned and operated light and power plant with a daily output of 18,000 to 22,000 kilowatts and a total capacity of 43,000 kilowatts. Rates are as low as 1.75 cents per K. W. H. and a power rate of 2c per K.W.H.

Fairfield also has a municipally owned waterworks system bringing water to the city from the spring-fed Little Wabash River seven miles east, with a pumping and filtration capacity of 50,000 gallons per hour and rates as low as 15c per thousand gallons. Even in the worst drouth in the last fifteen years there was ample supply for all the extra drouth-caused needs and for use in the construction of one of the state highways leading into the town. A \$65,000.00 sewage disposal plant was erected at the east edge of the city two years ago.

Fairfield has a tax supported public library of 7000 carefully selected volumes constructed and maintained by taxation and without special funds or endowments.

### Citizens' Activities

Fairfield is justly proud of its schools and churches, and has just completed a \$20,000 Community Center dedicated to the youth of the community. Plans are being made and a sizeable sum already has been pledged for the erection of a \$200,000 Memorial Hospital to be built immediately after the close of the war.

### Industries

Agriculture and poultry raising are the two major industries of Wayne County. During the past year one Fairfield processor shipped over one million dozen eggs.

Wayne County is one of the principal oil producing counties of the State, and in weekly reports of oil development it frequently leads all the counties.

Fairfield has an automobile parts manufacturing plant now doing defense work, employing 792 men and women with a weekly payroll in excess of \$30,000. It also has a garment factory employing 150 persons which, since the outbreak of war, has manufactured almost three million pairs of shorts for service men.





# A Star in Steam Production



★ A real STAR for ALL-STAR performance in steam plants — that's BURNING STAR! From a modern mine located in Jackson County, Ill., on the Missouri Pacific and Illinois Central Railroads. In this splendid plant, every ton is under automatic control, with the stress upon uniformly washed, sized and screened fuel. This coal can be absolutely depended upon. Large daily production.

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